

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE MONKEY.

O LITTLE philosopher monkey-faced,
Peer in your crucible, pant and glow,
Pound your powder, and pash your paste,
But still remember how gladly you raced
In the woods of Monkey-land long ago.

That was ages and ages past,
You've left the Claws and the Tail behind;
Slowly you've thriven, slowly cast
Skin after skin off, until at last
Behold! the flower of a human mind!

Tender flower of a plant that dies,
Slender flower with a light of its own,
This is the thing you'd anatomise?
Little philosopher, pray be wise,
Remember, and let the flower alone.

You cry: "I've examined the fourfoot kind,
Followed the chain up, link by link,
Now to dissect the magic of Mind,
I shall never slumber, until I find
The mechanism by which we think!

"Turn a key, and the watch will go,
Move a muscle, the bird takes wing,
All motion of any kind below
Is something mechanical, and so
The mind is moved at the pull of a string.

"Which, is the question? I must pause
On the brink of the mystery, turning pale:
How to catch the invisible laws?
How does a lion open his jaws?
How does a monkey wag his Tail?"

Little philosopher, hark to me:
Walking once on my garden ground,
I found my monkey beneath a tree,
With a musical-box upon his knee,
Wagging his tail in delight at the sound.

"Ah! che la morte!" was the tune,
Tangling the heart of the brute in a mesh:
'Twas summer time, and the month was June,
Low down in the west was the scythe of the
moon,

On a sunset pink as a maiden's flesh.

Then I watch'd the monkey glow and burn,
Lifting the lid of the box peep in:
Then, bit by bit, with a visage stern,
Holding each piece to his ear in turn,
He broke it up, — and began to grin.

Ah, the music! 'Twas fled, 'twas fled!
Each part of the wonderful whole was dumb,
The flower was plucked, and the bloom was shed,
Well might the monkey scratch his head,
And staring down at the strings, look glum.

Little philosopher, stay, O stay!
Let the works of the mind-watch go!
Claws and tail have been cast away,
But peep in the looking-glass to-day,
Remember Monkey-land long ago.

All the Year Round.

THE RETREAT.

HERE let us couch in fern,
And gaze adown the forest's dim arcade,
Where little patches of bright sunlight burn,
Companioned of deep shade.

Hark! in the oak o'erhead
The cry of the young ravens, hunger-vexed;
See, too, faint-scented lilies, richly fed,
Hint at the sweet old text.

How hush'd the spot and still,
Save for a rustling squirrel frolicsome,
Or from a bird's heart leaps a silver trill,
Too happy to be dumb!

How the green lizards glide
Where, on that broken bank, the sunbeams
sleep!
What beetles, by gemm'd corselets glorified,
Among the grasses creep!

Note in yon patch of blue,
Far overhead the lacing boughs among —
His wings a bell, ringed where the light comes
through —
A hawk at hover hung!

Hush! not a stir — no word!
Here come the rabbits flitting through the
bent;
And, quick! a rail — see there! Ah, timid bird,
The grass nods where it went!

And lo, the forest-king
Down yonder avenue, with wide-branched brow,
Treads proudly! No alarms the breezes bring
To scare his big heart now!

Dragon-flies dart and poise
Above the pool that sleeps beneath the reeds;
All Nature's creatures drink that fount of joys,
Which from mere life proceeds.

How it all teems with life!
See here, this earth I scoop up in my hand,
With little busy workers how 'tis rife,
Whose lives by days are spann'd!

Drops from the mighty sea —
The Far Existence — whence is drawn the store,
That swells the full-pulsed veins of you and me —
The same, nor less nor more.

Sharing His breath, you mark,
With us at the Creation's dawning dim:
What is man's right to quench the tiniest spark
That took its light from Him?

Come, friend, thank God with me
That we can lie within this woodland still,
And watch His works — how manifold they be —
With no desire to kill!

Tinsley's Magazine.

From The North British Review.
SWIFT.

AFTER the lapse of nearly a century and a half, Swift still retains his place as the greatest of English prose satirists. Junius is the one writer who has, in a measure, achieved proportionate success; and Junius, it can hardly be doubted, owed much of his popularity at the time to the transcendent interest of the events on which he commented, and to the mystery which still shrouds his personality. Swift's most brilliant performances are on matters for which the public cared little, till he forced them into notice. The pamphlets by which he sustained Harley's ministry are cleverly argued and nervously written; but the world would willingly have let them die if the author had produced nothing of less perishable stuff. The satire of the *Tale of a Tub* and of *Gulliver's Travels* addresses itself to broad differences of thought, and to questions concerning the whole structure of society, just the matter on which men believe that nothing new can be written till the something new appears. The *Drapier's Letters* and the tracts on Ireland deal with the minute interests of an oppressed province, which statesmen scarcely regarded in their calculations. Swift himself cared so little for the first, and not the least, of these master-pieces that he left it eight years unpublished, and suffered it to appear at last with interpolations by a strange hand. But the world has estimated his works at their true value; and precisely those imaginative flights in which he rises above the petty turmoils of the day, those touches of cynical sympathy in which he scathes English misrule with none but the most general political purpose, are the passages which have embalmed his memory. Often, unconsciously to himself, he was aiming beyond the abuse at which he struck.

Swift's personal character has been less favourably judged than his works. To a certain extent the low estimate is a just one. A man whose relations with women have been conspicuously unfortunate through his own fault, a clergyman who writes profanely and filthily, a politician who begins life as a Whig, changes apparently for interest, and is unscrupulous in invective against his old patrons, is below the common standard

of society in some matters which it can ill afford to disregard. Thackeray, whose heart was with Steele and Fielding, has brought other charges against Swift in a singularly unappreciative criticism, treats his irony upon Irish distress as "Rabelaisian," and imagines that throughout life he was "strangled in his bands"—haunted by the remembrance of vows which he had taken, could not believe, and would not renounce. Add these touches to the picture, and Swift is irredeemably bad and base. Fortunately for mankind, the complete depravity of a whole life is seldom witnessed in any man, and is rare, perhaps unexampled, in men of genius. No one who has studied Swift conscientiously will acquit him of many weaknesses and much selfishness; no one who has followed him through the unguarded confidences of his writings will pass sentence upon him as dishonest or hard.

His failings, in fact, were as much those of an impulsive as of a calculating temperament; and so evenly was he poised between opposite influences that the course of his life seems to have been determined by accident. He had the vanity of a child; but it was combined with a strong will, which perpetually raised it into self-assertion and principle. As a boy, he bought a knacker's horse for the sake of a day's triumph over his school-fellows; and as a man he treated ministers and peers with such petulance as a royal mistress might have shown. He separated from the Whigs on a question of personal slight. But he lost the first preferment that came in his way, by declining to purchase it with a bribe; and, in a time of general venality, he never bartered his good offices for money. He was constitutionally cold, and for ever philandering. His satires on the infidelity of his times are caustic and earnest to the last degree, and express the profoundest scorn for fashionable scepticism. But the faith that was proof against all argument yielded without effort to the opportunity of an epigram, and there is scarcely a mystery of Christianity, scarcely a current tenet of faith, on which Swift has not jested. No man felt more strongly on the subject of clerical decency, and no man is more notorious for his flagrant offences against good

taste. The only virtue to which he was never false was his kindness, and even his love of money did not interfere with it. He lent money to Gay, and gave it to Harrison, supported his sister, spent freely during his lifetime to improve his living of Laracor, and bequeathed almost all his property to public uses. During his short political reign he scattered good offices on all who had any claim on him, and especially on men of letters. The man of established reputation and the rising genius—Congreve and Steele, Harrison and Parnell—were in turn befriended or pushed without thought of rivalry, and without superciliousness. The world forgives a good deal to a man of active and expansive good-nature; and Swift, who often complains of coldness and ingratitude, probably owed more than he knew to the general character he had earned for benevolence. The most caustic of satirists, he escaped with gentler retribution than Pope, or Dryden, or De Foe.

But Swift's character has, in fact, been sketched by himself; and, imperfect as the outlines are, they will serve to correct two or three general misconceptions. Take first a rather remarkable letter which he wrote to a friend in February 1691, being then about twenty-four years old, and already quartered with Sir William Temple as an amanuensis. His correspondent, Mr. Kendall, had heard some gossip from Leicester, where Swift's mother resided, of her son's entanglement with a young woman of the place, and writes to remonstrate with him lest he ruin his prospects in life. Swift answers at length:—"My own cold temper and unconfined humour is a much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. The very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the University, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which, I am sure, will not be in some years, and, even then itself, I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. A person of great honour in Ireland used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour which makes me so busy when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since

it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation it is all alike. This is so common that I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved myself just the same way, and I profess without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs." He goes on to say that he has heard reports against Miss Jones's character, and that if there is the smallest warrant for them, as is likely, that in itself would be a sufficient cause for him to hate any woman. He proceeds to say:—"I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that; besides that I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects." This is not by any means a pleasant letter; and the calculating selfishness of its tone certainly speaks ill for so young a man as Swift. After all, the girl was his own connection, and had some expectations, though she seems to have been badly brought up, and spelled like a kitchen-maid. But we may probably take his words as conclusive evidence that he was determined to make his way in the world, and that his life was free from any stain of vice. A whole mass of legends and unpleasant conjectures, associating his conduct to Stella, and the indecencies of his later writings, with the constitutional results of early profligacy, may be dismissed from consideration. No hypothesis of the kind will stand against the unsuspicious witness of a confidential letter to a friend, and the silent testimony of his enemies and libellers, who could not collect even a flying scandal of the kind during his long life.

Swift's prospects were in fact far more brilliant than the honourless graduate of Trinity, Dublin, the needy son of a widow, could have any reason to expect. He had now been more than a year with Sir William Temple; and even if his first position were only that of a clerk, as the Temple family insinuated, it is evident that his powers of mind soon made themselves felt.

No mere underling would have been employed by a veteran statesman to argue William III. into compliance with the bill for Triennial Parliaments (1692), or would have received the promise of a prebend (November 1692) from a sovereign who was a little chary of rewards. Indeed, within a year of his residence at Moor Park, Swift had ventured to address complimentary verses to Temple, as a divine spirit, cast in the same mould with himself; and in three years more he addressed the first wit of the time as "My Congreve." It is probable that success turned his head. He believed, not quite unreasonably, that Temple found him too serviceable to part with, and was not really anxious to procure him preferment. A quarrel ensued, in which the patron seems to have behaved well, the protégé captiously. But it had the effect of deciding Swift's destiny. Being offered a small place in the Rolls, he declared that he was now able to gratify the wish of his heart, and take orders with a safe conscience, as no one could tax him with mercenary motives. He was ordained accordingly,* and through Temple's interest, which was given him without solicitation, obtained the small benefice of Kilroot. If Temple had acted on calculation, the result proved that he knew his man thoroughly. Swift could

not endure Irish exile, and was no longer too proud to return to a patron whose late conduct had atoned for his first shortcomings, and who now wrote to urge reconciliation. As hastily as he had left England, Swift arranged with his bishop that Kilroot should be bestowed on a poor and meritorious clergyman, and returned in less than a year to Moor Park. The next four years of his life were spent in his patron's service and society.

For a young and ambitious man the opportunities were good; and Swift carefully improved them. He tells us himself that "he was then a young gentleman, much in the world;"* and everything, in fact, proves that he was on the outskirts of the highest society. Yet it was an uncertain position; and the bitterness with which he attacked Dryden in the *Tale of a Tub* gives the measure of his resentment against a relative who had not helped him at need. Dryden's alleged criticism, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," was in fact disagreeably true; and the young man had not yet taught the world, or perhaps learned himself, where his strength lay. But he was pruning his wings for the highest flights. The wonderful *Tale of a Tub* was the work of his leisure hours in 1696; and its literary history is remarkable. Swift does not seem to have attached any great importance to it when he wrote it. The manuscript lay by him for years, and at last passed out of his hands into those of one who could better appreciate it, probably the cousin who afterwards tried to claim it. Swift's consent to the publication was obtained; some passages that seemed dangerous were either suppressed or altered; and the book came out anonymously in 1704. It is some evidence how completely Swift had already made his mark in London society, that no one hesitated to regard him as the author. So unmistakable was its success that within five years he was able to say of it, that it seemed "calculated to live at least as long as our language." Four years later his "little parson cousin," as he calls him, Thomas Swift, published a key, and claimed the book as his own, impudently observing that

* Thackeray says, "I do not know anything more melancholy than the letter to Temple, in which, after having broke from his bondage, the poor wretch crouches piteously towards his cage again, and deprecates his master's anger. He asks for testimonials for orders." Swift had undoubtedly quarrelled with Temple. Finding that he could not be ordained without his late patron's testimonial to character, he "appears to have paused nearly five months before endeavouring to procure it" (Sir W. Scott). Then, constrained by circumstances, he applied in a letter, which merits all that Thackeray has said of it. There are few spectacles more pitiable than the prostration of a proud man; and few, it may be added, are so apt to bow abjectly as those who bow seldom. But a single letter of deprecation from a young man to an offended patron during a quarrel surely does not prove that their relations at other times were those of tyrant and slave. That Temple was pompous and stately, Swift sensitive and passionate, may be granted. That Swift sometimes chafed at being treated "like a schoolboy" was only natural. All the more is it noteworthy that Swift rose in his patron's confidence, went back to him by request after a rupture, stayed with him till death, always mentions him with respect, and in the last years of his life wrote to his nephew and heir testifying an unabated regard for the family name.

* *Apology for the Tale of a Tub*, vol. xi. p. 13. The references from Swift's Works are to Sir Walter Scott's edition.

the real author did not know enough theology to have written it. Swift scarcely cared to notice the attack, but suggested to his printer that Thomas Swift should be induced to set his name to his work: "I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce would carry him." Even the surmise that Thomas Swift had a hand in it, and supplied some of the learning, is extremely improbable. It is not a work of any real erudition; and its recondite illustrations are drawn, not from theology, but from authors like Paracelsus and Ctesias, whom Swift was likely to know as well as his cousin. As regarded the cardinal differences between Catholics, Anglicans, and Presbyterians, Swift must have been less than man if he had not mastered their points, in an age when controversy was in the air. In his *Apology*, he distinctly claims the undivided authorship. "The whole work," he says, "is entirely of one hand;" and he offered to resign the whole credit of it to any person who could establish a claim to three lines. The jealousy with which he asserted his rights, now proved so valuable, was only natural. "My God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book" was his criticism upon it in later years; and few will say that his estimate was excessive.

The *Battle of the Books*, another fruit of Swift's residence with Temple, is rather a jeu d'esprit than a serious piece. His heart was not in these matters; and it is difficult to credit him, at the expense of his good sense, with the furious pedantry which inspired his patron — probably the last educated man who wrote against Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, because it was not known to Aristotle. But the book shows that the young Irishman was already in friendly alliance with Atterbury and Boyle, both eminent among "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and both wanting the essentials of greatness in character and reality in learning. The service to Temple was enormous. With a weakness not uncommon in public men, Sir William had believed that he could carry his official rank into literature, and was annoyed beyond measure when he found an obscure scholar like Wotton replying to him on equal terms as an adversary. When he died, two years later (1699), he rewarded Swift with a small legacy and the charge of bringing out a posthumous edition of his works. The old diplomatist had again mistaken his importance. The volumes of defunct treatises attracted no attention, and brought neither fame nor profit to the unlucky editor. Swift found in a moment that he was

without a home, position or prospects. The Temple family disliked him; and Lady Gifford, in particular, accused him, not quite justly, of tampering with the *Memoirs* to curry favour with public men.* King William refused to give him any preferment. After some months of fruitless expectation, Swift was glad to accept the post of chaplain and private secretary to Lord Berkeley. He was speedily supplanted in the latter employment by a Mr. Bush, who represented that the post was one in which a clergyman ought not to be placed. Before long the Deanery of Derry fell vacant, and was in Lord Berkeley's gift. Swift had been promised the first preferment, and applied for it. But he was baffled by opposition in two quarters. King, then Bishop of Derry, remonstrated against the appointment of a young man who would be "eternally flying backwards and forwards to London." Bush demanded a fee of £1000 for his good offices. Swift indignantly refused to bribe, and another man was made Dean. Swift wrote some humorous verses against Berkeley and Bush at the time, as two "blundering Kings of Brentford," but soon let the quarrel die; and it is to his credit that he afterwards befriended King when he gave offence to Harley by some unlucky words. Yet their relations were never cordial; and Swift complained, not without dignity, that King's enmity had extended over twenty-six years, and had never slept since the hour of the Queen's death. He ascribed it to the Archbishop's dislike of his independent bearing. From all we know of Lord Berkeley, he is more likely to have yielded to the Bishop's remonstrances than to have been the dupe of his secretary's intrigue. He retained Swift in his household (where the friendship with Lady Betty Germaine began), and in time presented him to the two livings of Laracor and Rathbeggan (1700). These, with the prebend of Dunlavin, which was given a little later, made up an income of nearly £400 a year. Swift was at last provided for, and independent.

But the humour for entertaining himself with flirtations, to which he acknowledges in his letter to Mr. Kendall, had been actively indulged during the last five years, and threatened to bring its possessor into serious complications. During his residence at Kilroot, he had become intimate with a Miss Jane Waring, the sister of one of his college friends. If we are to take

* Swift's answer was that he printed from a copy made by himself, in which Temple had inserted his last corrections, and in which some peevish passages reflecting on old associates had been omitted at Swift's suggestion.

his own words literally, it was the one genuine attachment of his life; for he tells Varina in his last letter to her, that he never thought of marrying any one else, while his language to Stella, at a later date (1720), was equally distinct on the other side:

"With friendship and esteem possessed,
I ne'er admitted love a guest."

But the real difference probably was in the interval between eight-and-twenty and four-and-fifty. Swift, as a young man, was more warm-blooded in his own despite than he liked to acknowledge afterwards. He wrote from England, a year after his return (April 1696), and offered to give up England, and all his hopes of preferment, if Varina would marry him. The lady, it seems, hesitated. She had a little money of her own, and did not care to bind herself to a penniless lover. She was fond of dress and society; and her state of health was at one time so delicate that the physicians warned her she must regard marriage as impossible. But the correspondence went on intermittingly, though Swift was slowly passing under new influences. Esther Johnson, whose mother had been the dear friend of Temple's favourite sister, Lady Gifford, had come, when only a child, to reside at Moor Park (1691), and at sixteen was placed under the secretary for instruction. The companionship of Abelard and Eloise is always dangerous. The few months of separation that elapsed after Temple's death convinced Swift that Miss Johnson's society was indispensable to his happiness, and probably were not without effect on the lady. But the news of Swift's preferment to Laracor called out a letter from Miss Waring, in which she seems to have claimed performance of his promises. He answers with some dignity, as a man who is not wholly in the wrong, but also with some brutality, as a man who wishes to close a distasteful connection: "I singled you out at first from the rest of women, and I expect not to be used like a common lover." Will she marry him on less than £300 a year? (his income before he obtained the prebend of Dunlavin.) Can she give up dress and society in exchange for the quiet domesticity of a country parish? Is her health so much improved that she can marry safely? Altogether the impression left on the mind is that the lady had only trifled with Swift at the time when he was genuinely attached to her, and was now anxious to profit by his improved position. It would have been wiser if he had closed their acquaintance earlier, and better

if he had now closed it frankly or renewed it cordially; but he was on the whole as much sinned against as sinning. If literal execution of a one-sided covenant was to be enforced, only literal compliance could be expected. The letter produced its desired results; and the correspondence with Miss Waring terminates.

Swift was now able to invite Stella to Ireland. The death of Sir William Temple had changed the situation at Moor Park; and, though Mrs. Johnson continued to reside with Lady Gifford, her daughter disliked living under a strange roof on sufferance. Swift, on his first visit to England, persuaded her that she would get better interest on her small fortune in Ireland, where ten per cent. was then a common rate, while all the necessities of life were half as cheap. Mrs. Dingley, a connection of the Temples, and a friend older than herself, agreed to live with her; and the two went together to Dublin, and then to Laracor. Naturally there was some scandal on the subject. Stella was then only nineteen years old, a pretty black-haired girl, with a little too much embonpoint, and with a good carriage. But the strictness with which she and Swift guarded against all appearance of excessive intimacy soon dissipated all rumours to her discredit; and society recognized the facts that she was only capable of one friendship, and that it was not adequately returned. Yet Stella was not in the least a woman of violent impulse and passionate warmth like her unhappy rival Vanessa. There is reason to think that she was not disinclined to accept the proposals of a Mr. Tisdal, five years after her settling in Ireland; and the rejected lover was probably right in ascribing his disappointment to Swift's influence, though Swift in a rather evasive letter denied it. From that time Miss Johnson no doubt regarded Swift as affianced to her, and only waiting till circumstances should allow him to marry. Under his counsels and guidance she became, not indeed a learned woman — for her spelling was never immaculate, — but well read, able to judge for herself, and a good critic of style. The verses in which she thanks the Dean for having taught her

"how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong,"

are creditable alike to pupil and teacher. Swift was too capable of power to have any jealousy of independence in women; and his whole training was directed to bring out the character. Miss Johnson started society by her courage and self-assertion.

She had read Hobbes, and studied anatomy. Personally fearless, she once fired into a party of burglars, and wounded one of them mortally. But the best instance of her moral courage is the reproof she administered to a coxcomb, who annoyed a company with several double-entendres. "Sir," said Stella, "all those ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in spite of our care, too often met with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense. But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour; and whatever visit I make, I shall first inquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." Such a woman deserved a better fate than to have her life sacrificed to the calculating selfishness of a man of genius.

Nine years of Swift's life passed quietly, and we may believe not unprofitably, in the retirement of Laracor. A High-Churchman to the core, who admired Sancroft for nonjuring, and attacked Sherlock for what appeared an interested conformity, Swift was strict in all liturgical observances, and appeared to have settled down into a country parson whom George Herbert might have owned. It was his ambition at this time to excel as a preacher; but nature was too strong for him, and he discovered at last that he could only preach pamphlets. He watched the controversies of his day with keen interest. In 1708 and 1709 he produced no fewer than five treatises or pamphlets in defence of the Anglican religion or of Christianity. Of these, one, *The Sentiments of a Church of England Man*, is in praise of the moderation of the Church of England, and a vindication of the clergy against the charges constantly levelled at them by the Whigs, whom Swift still regarded as his own party. The *Letter concerning the Sacramental Test* is a defence of Irish Church supremacy against the Ulster Presbyterians; and the more tolerant spirit of the Anglican branch is given as the reason why Dissenters are not to be tolerated. On both these points Swift was manifestly Tory; and the circumstance must be borne in mind, as it is partly the excuse of his sudden change. The criticisms on Tindal are a keen dissection of fashionable free-thinking, with a brutal attack on the author as "wholly prostitute in life and principles." But it would not be fair to pass severe sentence on the style of a book which was left unfinished, and never saw the light till the author was in his grave. Swift wrote more moderately, though not

less decidedly, in the *Argument against Abolishing Christianity*, and in the *Project for the Advancement of Religion*. It is quite possible that his theological bias received a fresh impulse about this time from his political mischances. His relations with London were not improved, though he had done his best to maintain them. An essay on the political *Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome*, written with modern applications, in the style still novel in France, had enjoyed only that trifling success which is of no value to a rising man. A few barren introductions to great men had ended in nothing but disappointed hopes; and the Whigs kept their dangerous recruit under the cold shadow of aristocracy. Above all, the profligate Wharton, who was now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (1708-1710), was Swift's avowed enemy, and may have done him ill service in London. Swift kept more than ever within his parish, and consoled himself with forming "long schemes of life" in Stella's society. But it was probably understood between them that he could not marry upon his actual income; and Stella does not seem to have perceived that she was sacrificing her life to her lover's selfishness.

Suddenly a change came in the political world, which no one had foreseen, whose greatness startled even those who had effected it, and which, as a peaceful coup d'état by the sovereign, is almost without a parallel in English history. The great Whig Lords, who had carried the nation triumphantly through a difficult war, were forced to choose between resigning office and the breaking up of their party. Godolphin, Somers, Sunderland, Halifax, Walpole, were replaced by Harley, whose talents were essentially commonplace, and by Bolingbroke, whose splendid genius was scarcely yet as well known as his vices, and who had not even been elected to the last Parliament. To statesmen there could be no question that Marlborough's dismissal from the army was only matter of time. It is still difficult to understand how even with such watchwords as "the Queen, the Church, and the Peace," so great a change could be effected quietly. But several circumstances had impaired the Junto's prestige. The trial of Sacheverel had been taken up as a challenge by the High Church party. The Whigs, at once irritated by opposition, and too weak in the Lower House to carry any large measure of toleration, revenged themselves on the clergy by refusing to relieve them from patent grievances, and did nothing to conciliate the Nonconformists. Moreover, the war

had lost some of its popularity. The last great victory of Malplaquet had rather given us a name to inscribe on banners than any solid advantage. It was generally believed that our allies reaped the larger profit of the bloodshed and taxation to which we contributed the greater share. Moderate men might well wish that our relations with the States should be watched by ministers who could be jealous as well as compliant. And no one supposed that Harley and Bolingbroke, who had served two years before in the Whig Cabinet, would be less careful of the national honour than their old friends and colleagues. Even the Queen's known wishes were no slight circumstance. It was then possible for a Cabinet to carry on government with a Parliamentary minority; and the great function of opposition was rather to criticise than to displace the ministry. It may be added that it was not Harley's fault if the change was so complete as to be little short of revolution. He was anxious to keep several of his predecessors in office. Pride and party feeling defeated his overtures. The Whigs could not yet believe in a government from which they were excluded; and no member of the party could honourably remain in place under men who had just defeated and expelled his leaders.

The change was just taking place when Swift (in September 1710) came over to London to press some claims of the Irish clergy on the Government. His first visits were to his old allies. Most of them were profusely civil, and apologized for their former neglect. But Godolphin received him with such coldness that Swift left the house, almost vowing revenge. He once hints that magnanimity was not one of Godolphin's virtues; and the words seem to imply that the satirist had already given some personal offence. He also had a private quarrel with Somers, whom he suspected of not backing him in Ireland. Somers now laid the blame upon Wharton; but Swift, who reckoned dissimulation among the Chancellor's "chief perfections," quietly refused to listen to his excuses. With Halifax his private relations were more friendly; and four months before he had begged a book of him as the only favour ever shown him by the Whigs. But he was not inclined to sacrifice his resentment to sentimental memories. The day after his interview with Godolphin (September 10), he was talking "treason heartily" with Lord Radnor "against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude." Not long after, he refused a toast to the resurrection of the party, unless their reformation were coupled with it. In less than

a month he was having interviews with Harley, and had declined an invitation from Halifax. Within a fortnight Harley had convinced him that he desired his alliance and private friendship. Halifax alone of the Whigs still tried to retain him in the old allegiance. But the die was by this time cast. It was not the act of a man of stainless honour; but it was the most venial form of political apostasy. Harley's were still the tactics of compromise; and it was whispered that he did not wish the Tories to be too powerful in Parliament. He contrived to persuade Swift that he loved the Church. Swift's pride had been that he was "a Whig, and one who wears a gown;" but events had convinced him that the two characters could scarcely be reconciled. He could not foresee that the new Cabinet would in any way endanger political liberty; and he might fairly think that the Church was entitled to better treatment than it had received. After all allowance—for Swift's indiscretions, for Whig hauteur, and for the contempt with which men of rank might regard a political pamphleteer,—it is not improbable that Swift's Church principles had really stood in the way of his promotion. He himself believed that he had suffered from his strong advocacy of the Test Act. His party had in fact deserted him before he had deserted them, by claiming that unconditional obedience which men of first-rate capacity are never willing to bestow.

With a government as weak as Harley's, Swift soon discovered that he might make his terms; and he was only not in the Cabinet. One political triumph marked his influence. He procured the boons coveted by the Irish clergy,—the remission of a twentieth, and the application of the first-fruits to Queen Anne's Bounty. He himself attached such importance to this success that he wished a mention of it to be inserted in the deed by which he conveyed a glebe to Laracor. But, except in this solitary instance, he never seems to have interfered with the measures brought forward in Parliament. He was eminently a partisan, not a leader, and brought his persuasive common sense and keen wit to the advocacy of all his party's policy. There is no reason to suppose that this involved any great sacrifice of principle. A man easily takes the tone of his society; and the Peace of Utrecht was not after all a measure that even a moderate Whig might not see grounds to approve. Harley assured Swift that our financial position was such as to make further wars impossible. Nor was this statement altogether unreasonable.

There was even in 1710 a floating debt of ten millions; Exchequer bills were at a discount; and it had been necessary to borrow from the Swiss Cantons. Ten millions in Queen Anne's time impressed the public imagination as a hundred millions would now, and impressed it the more because many persons, and Swift among them, believed that the expenses ought to be paid year by year, and that the country could not support a national debt. The money had on the whole been well applied. It had delivered Europe from the fear of France, and had raised England to the first rank among nations. But a portion of it had clung to private hands, Marlborough and Walpole being among the offenders; and not a little had been spent in excess of the proportion which England was bound by an informal treaty to contribute. Peace was every way desirable. But the difference between Godolphin's and Harley's ministry was that the Whigs made it a condition that Lewis XIV. should aid them against his grandson in Spain, while the Tories, in the end, sacrificed their Spanish allies. The claim of the Whigs might seem as if they wished the war to be perpetual. The Tory surrender of men who had trusted the national faith was wholly indefensible. A middle course would have been to restrict the war to Spain till honourable terms for the Catalonians had been obtained. Nominally this was done; and it is some excuse for the English Parliament, that it probably did not know, as our leading statesmen knew, how altogether illusory were the terms granted. Swift is nowhere weaker, nowhere more dogmatic and less argumentative, than when he defends this part of the treaty, and argues that we were justified in allowing our allies to be deprived of privileges "of which they never made other use than as an encouragement to rebel." Nevertheless, when this discount has been made, the treaty might be defended as a fair one for England, and not substantially unjust to Holland and Germany, who had certainly been more regardless of their engagements than England was of their interests.

From the moment when the fate of the treaty was decided, Swift ceased to be necessary to the ministers, and they were no longer necessary to one another. He was anxious to reap the reward of his services; and they were probably well disposed to pay and be rid of a partisan whom neither could quite trust to be in his own interests. Certain it is, that Swift for a time thought himself altogether thrown over, and was most annoyed with Harley as the more pow-

erful patron. "Lord Treasurer told Mr. Lewis that it [the warrant for a deanery] should be determined to-night; and so he will say a hundred nights, so he said yesterday, but I value it not." And afterwards, "Much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's." Yet he was not altogether pleased when it was decided that he should go to St. Patrick's: "Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it." (April 18, 1713). Some of these complaints are well founded. It was Harley's weakness never to act openly; and he often inspired distrust where he did not deserve it. The chances are that he really desired and tried to serve Swift, but that he did not care to push his promotion as circumstances required that it should be pushed, and was not very sorry to provide for him out of England. In a few months, when it was too late, he succeeded in bringing him back to England, where Swift could only witness the break-up of the party, and when he was no longer inclined to serve Harley or able to follow Bolingbroke. The story of great men's ingratitude is too common to be very interesting. Much may be said in defence of the Tory ministers. Swift had taken out his pay in patronage and arrogance. Later in life he made out a list of more than forty persons whom he had befriended, mostly during his day of power. "I am so proud," he once writes, "I make all the lords come up to me." Tradition says that he did even more than this, that he once sent the Lord Treasurer to call Bolingbroke out of the house merely in order to fix the dinner-hour, and was rude to visitors at his own rooms in proportion as their rank was high. He boasted that he forced dukes to pay him the first visits. He made public criticisms on the wine at the Queen's table. He applied for the post of Royal Historiographer in such a manner as to insult Lord Kent, who had the patronage. When he paid visits, he claimed the right of choosing his bed-room before the rest of the company. The satire that served his friends did not always spare those whom it was inexpedient to provoke. Mrs. Cutts complained that her brother was attacked while he was still serving the Queen. The Duchess of Somerset, heiress of the proudest house, and married to the proudest man in England, was taunted with the murder of her first husband, and, more unpardonably still, with her red hair. The Scottish Union was represented as the marriage of a person of quality to a woman

much his inferior, and even as "an infamous proposal," to which nothing but necessity could have made England consent. Such a writer had only himself to blame if his old indiscretions were steadily brought up against him, and the coveted English mitre obstinately withheld. Somewhat better terms might, perhaps, have been made for him; but the difference between an English and an Irish deanery fairly gauges their extent. Windsor, which Harley tried to get for him, has always been treated as royal patronage. It is on the whole creditable to Swift, that he never attacked the Queen, whose dislike had blasted all his prospects in life, except by the epithet of "royal prude." Neither is it true, as has been said, that he deserted the earl of Oxford in his fall. Harley's conduct at the time was so ambiguous that his friends generally believed he intended to make his peace at their expense; and Swift, of all others, may be pardoned if he had not a very confident trust in his patron. Erasmus Lewis, who took part against Bolingbroke, declared that Lord Oxford had done himself more harm by his own meannesses than any enemy could have done him. But if Swift did not interpose to support him — and it is doubtful whether such support would have been very valuable at the time — he never attacked him, and remained on easy, almost cordial, terms with him to the last.

Swift was not among those whom the new Government cared to molest. The Whigs had learned from the trial of Sacheverel that it was not safe to attack a clergyman; and indeed the general feeling of the Hanover Club was that the late ministry had been merciful, and ought to obtain mercy. It is doubtful whether there was any real ground even for Bolingbroke's flight. Still, after the Rebellion of 1715, public sentiment was in favour of strong measures, and would not have tolerated free discussion or sharp criticisms upon men in power. Swift's correspondence with his friends about this time is always so worded as to bear inspection; and it was two years before he ventured to write to Bolingbroke. His life was occupied with the cares of his new position, with paying off the debt of £1000 which went for first-fruits, patent, and his new house, and in quarrels with his bishop for patronage, and with his chapter for authority. He had other troubles, of a more delicate kind. The time had now come when he had visibly earned all that life could give him, and was bound by every honourable obligation to marry the woman to whom he was virtually, if not explicitly, engaged. The excuse of

indebtedness, though he probably alleged it, will not hold. Stella's fortune would have relieved them from all temporary embarrassment; and Swift need not have scrupled to accept a small loan from his wife. It seems certain that his attachment had cooled. During his stay in London he had become intimate with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, the widow of a Dutch merchant, sometime commissary of stores at Dublin, and who was admitted to the best London society. Swift's unhappy faculty for "entertaining" himself with women soon brought him into intimate relations with the elder daughter, Esther; and under pretence of directing her studies, though she was then twenty, he saw her so constantly that within six months it was a joke to send for him in her name. She seems to have been a beauty of the Dutch type — "a white witch," as he once calls her, somewhat masculine (he represents Pallas mistaking her for a boy), though with what her detractors called "a baby face," — clever, impulsive, and headstrong in character. She followed out her tutor's orders with enthusiasm, became a better French scholar than himself, studied Montaigne, and kept carefully behind the fashion in dress. So far nothing could be better than Swift's training. But it was among his doctrines that people were bound "to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say;" and he gave a dangerous latitude to this principle. It meant, as he explained it, that all conventions might be defied, if we were certain of our intentions. He would not have dared to apply this doctrine himself. He had many little eccentricities of manner, such as biting paper, pulling his wig, and staring, and he gave free vent to his self-assertion and arrogance; but he was withal timidly sensitive to public opinion on all points where he was really vulnerable to ridicule. He was startled and annoyed when Vanessa, who could not understand his conduct, proposed to him (1711). She, a young and pretty woman, with a fortune of £5000, probably thought that the slovenly middle-aged clergyman was doubtful of his own right to address her. The circumstances were difficult, and Swift acted badly. Either he did not wish to close their connection, or he did not dare to explain his relations with Stella. He temporized, talked of his strong regard for Miss Vanhomrigh, put aside her proposal as a girl's fancy, and continued his intimacy. Meanwhile Stella's suspicions were excited; and Swift, whose journal exhibits a growing coldness, seems latterly to parade his friendship with the Vanhomrighs, which he at first concealed. There are nearly twenty allu-

sions to them between January 30 and September 15, 1710. There had been only two in the preceding five months. It is noteworthy, too, that his letters latterly (February 1712 to May 1713) were addressed not to Stella, but to Mrs. Dingley. He did not, could not meditate an open breach with his old love; but it is doubtful whether he did not hope that distance and time would bring about a separation.

Matters were in this state when Swift was appointed to St. Patrick's. His first visit to Ireland was long enough to renew the intimacy with Stella, and not so long that Vanessa need despair of seeing him in England again. But after the Queen's death this prospect was at an end; and the Dean, just as he was about to return, learned to his horror that Vanessa, who owned property in Ireland, intended to go there, under colour of looking after it. This was an old project (*Journal to Stella*, August 1711); and it would be interesting to know whether Swift had opposed it some years before. Anyhow, he now wrote urgently to dissuade her (August 12, 1714): "If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom: but it is where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. There are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you." "I would not answer your questions for a million, nor can I think of them with any ease of mind." One of the questions probably was whether or not Swift was engaged; and indeed, had he meant at this time to marry Miss Johnson, the announcement of his intention would have stopped Vanessa's journey. We may fairly assume that his purpose was to live again as at Laracor, enjoying Stella's society and worship, but not encumbering himself at forty-seven with a wife. Yet the reasons for marriage were so overwhelming that it is not wonderful if his reluctance has been the riddle of his biographers and the text of every probable conjecture. It was the one honourable and the one safe course, the only escape from a dangerous dilemma, and the certain way to silence scandal for the future. Nevertheless Swift's conduct is explicable, to those who have studied his life, from very simple though very mean motives. He was unblushingly selfish. To a man of his temperament and age marriage was only desirable as a social arrangement; and

reflection seems to have convinced him that he should lose more than he should gain by it. Stella was indispensable to him; but he saw her through all the disenchantment of long and familiar acquaintance, and had probably learned to contrast her provincial manners with the refinement and cultivation of London society. It would have cost money to marry her: and even this motive had its weight with a man who was very jealous of his independence, and genuinely distressed by the prospect of money embarrassments. The fear of Vanessa's violence, and of some unpleasant disclosures, may have influenced him. But, lastly, it seems certain that he shrank from the ridicule of marriage. The satire of his times played freely upon husbands; and the marriage of a divine of nearly fifty to a lady of no great fortune or connection, who had been described as a servant in Temple's will, would have been a six days' topic to the small wits and gossips of a provincial capital. To Swift it seemed natural that he should only consult his own comfort; and he probably expected that Vanessa would in time weary of his coldness, and Stella acquiesce in a position which gave him all he wished without any drawbacks.

The issue proved that he had miscalculated his influence. Stella, justly indignant and jealous, insisted on the performance of his promises; and the Dean consented to be privately married to her in 1716. It is said that on the day of the marriage, not long after the final vows had been pronounced, he was seen by Delaney leaving Archbishop King's room in an agony of grief. "You have just seen," said King, "the most unhappy man on earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Speculation, of course, has not been idle as to the reasons. One theory is that Swift and Stella were both the natural children of Sir William Temple, and had married within the prohibited degrees. This conjecture may be dismissed as absolutely untenable. There is no evidence that Temple, who was envoy at Brussels during the two years preceding Swift's birth, ever made surreptitious visits to Ireland; and no ground for supposing that Mrs. Swift was carrying on a criminal intrigue while her husband was on his deathbed. Temple had patronized Swift's cousin before himself on the score of relationship, and would scarcely have left a son uncared for during twenty years. But, above all, the discovery of this relationship would have given Swift the very argument he needed for confining his relations with Stella to friendly intimacy. A second and

more possible supposition is that Swift, in a moment of weakness, had been married privately to a low woman, by whom he had a son, and who was pensioned to keep out of his sight. The evidence of an old servant is quoted, that a boy, believed to be Swift's son, was actually kept at school by an unknown father or friend. Of course at this distance of time it is not likely that this story can ever be absolutely disproved; but it is highly improbable. There is no date to which such a marriage can be referred; not to his residence at Kilroot, for he was then proposing to Miss Waring; not to his stay in Lord Berkeley's family, for he was then watched by enemies; least of all to the years at Laracor, when he was in the first fervour of intimacy with Stella. Had there been any real grounds for such a scandal, it must sooner or later have come before the world. On the other hand, Swift's suspicious visits to Vanessa may easily have given his servants the idea of a criminal intrigue; and, as the friend of many men of the world, it is not impossible that he may once in his life have been intrusted with the guardianship of a foundling. Of all men he would scarcely have chosen Ashe, his old tutor, to perform the marriage service, if he had been running headlong into bigamy. No men are greater recipients of floating rumours than those who live in the scandalous atmosphere of a common-room, and are always seeing and talking about former pupils. It is inconceivable, under any circumstances that Swift would have confessed to a felony; but he certainly would not have made his shrift to King, whom he regarded with good reason as a private enemy. The story is most likely an exaggerated version of some very trifling incident. Swift may have thought it expedient to give his own history of the connection with Vanessa, at a time when he was united to Stella by a bond which any accident might make public. He probably represented himself as the victim of Miss Vanhomrigh's headstrong passion, and restrained notoriety from acknowledging his marriage with Miss Johnson. No one hearing the story, however varnished, could fail to see something of its true meaning, or to predict the deepening shadow over Swift's life.

But the Dean would not or could not renounce his intimacy with Vanessa. That impracticable young woman had taken up her residence in Ireland, and, favoured by her father's former connections in Dublin, was admitted into the best society. The Archbishop was among her friends; and two

clergymen of high position proposed to her. Swift himself interceded for one of them. He affected to treat her passion for himself as a joke. "One would think you were in love," he once writes to her, "by dating your letter August 29, by which means I received it just a month before it was written." But he was seriously annoyed by her perseverance. One of his letters is an angry complaint, because a note from her has been delivered to him in company. One of hers is a threat that she will fetch him, if he does not come to her of himself. Indeed, all barriers of reserve and delicacy had been broken down. "I was born," she says, "with violent passions, which terminate all in one, — the inexpressible passion I have for you." "Your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance." It is often said that Swift tried gradually to break off the acquaintance. The letters are evidence to the contrary; and he seems rather out of sheer cowardice to have entertained her more and more with protestations of an affection beyond friendship. "Soyez assurée," he once writes, "que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée, par votre ami que vous" (July 1721), and again, as if for greater safety, in French, "Croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous désirerez" (June 1722). But the vulgar selfishness of his nature is manifest everywhere. "If you knew how I struggle for a little health," is the constant burden of his excuses for not calling or writing. Sometimes his egotism dilates with something of a sublime pathos: "Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise to make Cadenus and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire." It is the one redeeming circumstance in Vanessa's self-abandonment, that she did not know of Swift's relations to Stella. That she had once entertained suspicions is more than probable; that they had been completely dissipated is the most emphatic evidence of Swift's duplicity. Accident seems to have brought the mystery to an end. One account represents Vanessa as calling Swift to a peremptory decision; the other and more probable one represents her as hearing a rumour of the secret marriage, and writing to Mrs. Johnson for an explanation. Both agree that the answer was delivered by the Dean in person, who flung a letter upon the table, left the house silently, and never entered it again. Miss Vanhomrigh

did not long survive the shock. Dr. Berkeley, who was one of her executors, perused the whole correspondence with Swift, and pronounced him innocent of any criminal intrigue with her. As he soon afterwards was a suitor to Swift for an introduction to Lord Carteret, we may assume that he saw palliating circumstances in the Dean's conduct. Swift does not seem to have suffered for it in public estimation. Another of his female admirers told him pleasantly, some time afterwards, in a copy of verses, that she should "like Vanessa die," if he did not return to Ireland; and it is the single notice of the dead lady in his correspondence. Stella remembered her with some feminine resentment. In a party where the Dean's poem of *Cadenus and Vanessa* was discussed, some one remarked that a woman who could inspire such verses must have had great attractions. "Oh," said Stella, "every one knows that the Dean could write well on a broomstick.*"

The annoyance of his relations with Vanessa had probably combined with his fear of Government to keep Swift from steady literary work. Anyhow he produced little between 1714 and 1724 except a *Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufacture*, which attracted a prosecution from the Government, and made him favourably known in Ireland. But in 1724, fortune gave the veteran pamphleteer an opportunity which no one else would have seen, and by which scarcely any one else could have profited. William Wood, an inventive and honest but unsuccessful man, procured a patent for introducing £100,000 of copper coin into Ireland. His offer was favourably reported by Sir Isaac Newton, and was accepted by the Government. There was no question that a new coinage was wanted; and the only real objection to Wood's patent was that it was part of the vicious system by which Ireland was governed as a foreign dependency, and its Parliament not consulted about their own concerns. Swift had the sagacity to see, and the courage to expose, this flaw. Where he argues about the value of the coinage, he is simply an unscrupulous special pleader, making statements which could not have borne the test of a week's inquiry or a moment's consideration. But the undying interest of his work is in the thread of thought that runs through the whole: "Whatever liberties or privileges the people of England enjoy by common law, we of Ireland have the same." Here he touched the popular fibre. After the first rancours

of civil war had died out, the Protestants of Ireland were the first to discover that they were the chief losers by the system which referred everything to England. It was not the oppressed peasantry who welcomed the Protestant Dean as an agitator. The yeomen and cottiers of the provinces were either too brutal to care for any misrule that did not actually endanger life and property, or too hopeless of a successful issue to think of agitating for any political reform. It was the squires, merchants, and professional men, the very classes on whom Protestant ascendancy depended, who had become impatient of the restriction system, which left them the least favoured nation of earth, even for their English trade. "I have not heard of any man," says the Drapier, "above mine own degree of a shopkeeper, to have been hitherto so bold as in direct terms to vindicate the fatal project."

Was Swift then a sincere Irish patriot? On the whole there seems to be evidence that he was. He was not eminently single-minded; and it is probable that he cared for himself more than for Ireland. A desire to thwart the ministry and to show his power were among the influences that first carried him into the contest. It is likely that he was quite willing to be bought if Walpole had been disposed to purchase him; and there is a letter of Lord Peterborough's, making an appointment for him with the Premier, which seems to show that negotiations were actually commenced. We may perhaps connect this with the offer once made him of a settlement within twelve miles of London. That no bargain was actually concluded may have been because Swift demanded too much for himself; but it is at least possible* that he also desired to make terms for Ireland or for the Church. His relations with Harley had not disposed him to accept the position of a mere Government hack. Yet, when all abatements have been made, it remains certain that Swift's thoughts constantly dwelt upon Irish grievances, that he was the first man of eminence who sturdily asserted the equality of the two countries, and that against one controversy which he may have undertaken for his own profit we may set a dozen pamphlets, sermons, or letters, in which he seems to glow with a divine anger against oppression. His political economy was often faulty. He believed, like most men of his day, that a country ought to export

* Alluding, of course, to the *Meditation upon a Broomstick*.

* In the notes to the Dublin edition of the *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*, which the Dean either communicated or approved, it is said that Walpole's explanation of his Irish policy was the obstacle to a treaty of alliance.

more than it imported; and he thought it politic to foster manufactures which were not native to the soil, or were dying off from it. He did not perceive that Ireland was even then, thanks to a long peace, recovering from the depression of its worst times. But his vision was all the clearer to see the transparent iniquities of foreign government, restrictions on native industry and trade, and a system which carried the upper classes out of the country. "My heart is too heavy," he once writes, "to continue this irony longer, for it is manifest that whatever stranger took such a journey would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland or Iceland, rather than in a country so favoured by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress and diet and dwelling of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers, who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness, upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hog-sty to receive them,—these, indeed, may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time only to *learn the language*, and return back to his own country, whither he finds all our wealth transmitted." This is not the language of a mere grievance-monger. It would be easy to cite instances where the nature of the criticism and the mode of its delivery are alike inconsistent with the hypothesis of an attack on Government. Take, for example, the following passage from a sermon on "the causes of the wretched condition of Ireland:"—"Lastly, a great cause of this nation's misery is that Egyptian bondage of cruel, oppressing, covetous landlords, expecting that all who live under them should make bricks without straw, who grieve and envy when they see a tenant of their own in a whole coat, or able to afford one comfortable meal in a month, by which the spirits of the people are broken and made for slavery, the farmers and cottagers, almost through the whole kingdom, being to all intents and purposes as real beggars as any of those to whom we give our charity in the streets. And these cruel landlords are every day unpeopling their kingdom by forbidding their miserable tenants to till the earth."

Such language would not annoy an English Premier or a Lord-Lieutenant; but it must

have given offence to the squires, whom Swift regarded with such hearty and just contempt. Yet the context shows that he was as little careful to flatter the peasantry as to conciliate the squires. He repeatedly dwells on the ignorance, sloth, barbarism, and vice of "the natives," as among the determining causes of their wretched condition. But he firmly believed that education and equal laws would civilize them. "The common objection," he once says, "drawn from the laziness, the perverseness, or thievish disposition of the poor native Irish, might be easily answered by showing the true reasons for such accusations, and how easily those people may be brought to a less savage manner of life; but my printers have already suffered too much for my speculations. However, supposing the size of a native's understanding just equal to that of a dog or horse, I have often seen those two animals civilized by rewards at least as much as by punishments." Elsewhere, he expresses his belief that a system of good parish schools, in which English should be taught, would "in time bring the natives to think and act according to the rules of reason."† His opinions from first to last are consistent and sensible. They are those of a clear-headed man, who regards the connection with England as natural and necessary, but believes that misgovernment and injustice are crimes against the Divine order, and who already sees the beginning of retribution in the emigration of Protestant families to America. It may be added that Swift's private letters and writings bear strong testimony to the strength of his convictions. He mentions it among the praises of Stella that "she loved Ireland."‡ We may impute it to the irritation of self-interest, when he tells an English bookseller§:—"I do as a clergyman encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in Europe, or anywhere else, and conceal it from the custom-house officers, as I would hide my purse from a highwayman if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary; and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your author's books printed here, and send them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with safety and profit." But he certainly had no private interest in remonstrating with a London

* *Answers to Letters from Unknown Persons*, vol. vii. p. 393.

† *Causes of the Wretched Condition of Ireland*, vol. viii. p. 125.

‡ *Character of Mrs. Johnson*, vol. ix. p. 500.

§ *Letter to Mr. Benjamin Motte*, vol. xix. p. 83.

* *Short View of the State of Ireland*, vol. vii. p. 230.

company* against raising their rents, on the ground that corporations should be easy landlords, especially if it be true, as he asserts, that he acted on this principle himself, so that his own lands as Dean were let "four-fifths under their value." On the whole, there are not many men who have deserved better of Irish gratitude than Swift; and it is creditable to the popular instinct that it has recognized a friend in a cynic's garb.

But Swift's reputation culminated with the publication of *Gulliver*, some part of which appeared in 1726, and the remainder in 1727. That it was at first issued anonymously, and that Pope and Arbuthnot professed to be uncertain as to the authorship, though its plan had been foreshadowed in the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, can only be due to the anxiety which Swift may for a time have felt lest it should obtain the honours of a political prosecution. Walpole, however, like the public at large, seems to have understood that it was something more than a mere party pamphlet, and that its personalities were its smallest part. Nor, in fact, should we lose much if we could not supply the key to the allusions. It is interesting, but not really important, to identify Lilliput and Blefuscu with England and France, Flimnap with Walpole, and the queen who would not forgive Gulliver for saving her palace from the flames at the expense of decency with Queen Anne, who forgot Swift's services to the Church in her indignation at the profane jokes that disfigure the *Tale of a Tub*. The parties of the Big-endians or Little-endians are the zealots of all time, even more than Whigs and Tories; and the more Swift advances in his narrative the more he seems to disentangle himself from the petty interests of his faction, and to rise to general principles of State polity. In fact, his story in the first two parts is so essentially creative, his plan throughout so entirely designed to show what a country should be rather than to ridicule its defects, that he explains away the Lilliputian choice of ministers by dexterity on the tight-rope as an innovation that had gradually crept into Lilliput. From this point of view his conception of Utopia is sufficiently remarkable. To use modern terms, it is democratic and socialist. He acknowledges no mysteries of government, and believes that honesty and common sense, virtues in every man's power, are the great requisites for office. He is prepared to take children from their parents and intrust their educa-

tion to the State, while the parents are chargeable with its cost. Women are to be "educated much like the males." Standing armies are to be relieved by militias. To reward merit is as much the State's function as to punish crime; and the great benefactors of mankind are those who add to the world's material wealth. With all the scorn of projectors and chemists which Swift afterwards exhibited in the voyage to Laputa, he yet gives a high place in Brobdingnag to the study of applied mathematics. In literature his chief contempt is for metaphysics, as in practical life for lawyers and politicians.

The *Voyage to Laputa* is its own commentary. Swift was not absolutely indifferent to the great discoveries of the day, and once went so far as to purchase a microscope; but he was not in the least competent to understand the great revolution in thought which Newton and his fellow-workers had inaugurated. The hypothesis that the diamond was only a form of carbon would seem to a man of his temperament about equal in value to the calcining of ice into gunpowder. Politically, he had a quarrel with Newton for his share in recommending Wood's patent; and it is not impossible that he viewed theories which even then had produced an outcrop of Arianism, with the vague distrust of a theologian. As in politics, so in philosophy, he believed in common sense as the surest guide; and he saw no reason why the doctrine of gravitation should not be exploded when it had lived its day, like the doctrine of vortices.* Of scientific history he had, and perhaps could have, no conception. Well acquainted with the false estimates of men and measures that had been current in his own day, and having contributed his share to misleading public opinion, he could not understand that a time would come when the public acts of the past would have been tested by experience, and its statesmen judged on better evidence than pamphlets. An Englishman to the core, he detested as visionary and dangerous whatever could not be measured by plumb and line. This feeling explains the *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms*. Its strong and savage bitterness has often diverted attention from the real import of the satire. It is not merely the spleen of a discontented and morbid man against the human race. As Professor Brewer has pointed out, it is an answer to the philosophy which Mandeville had pop-

* Letter to Mr. Alderman Barber, vol. xix. p. 135.

* It is curious that the Danish satirist Holberg, who published an imitation of *Gulliver*, expresses very similar views about Newton and Descartes in his Autobiography.

ularized in the *Fable of the Bees*. To Mandeville all society was founded on vice. Honour and decency were mere chimeras, without truth or being, which were counted hereditary, like the gout in great families. On the other hand, take away luxury and avarice, the vices that promote production and conserve wealth, and all arts and crafts will lie neglected. Mandeville desired to apply this principle in its most cynical extent. In his essay on charity-schools he denounces popular education as dangerous, but wishes attendance on church to be enforced, in the interests of innocence, sincerity, and other good qualities that conduce to the public peace. It may seem singular that Swift was not attracted by such a theory, which is even more contemptuous of mankind than his own satire. His good sense delivered him from its extravagances; and his literary skill enabled him to refute it with a lash that fell at once upon society and its critic. The natural man, whom Mandeville, like Rousseau at a later date, believed to be simple, veracious, and temperate, Swift saw as the savage or the Yahoo. Men who cannot use their reason to form an orderly society are in reality below brutes. On the other hand, destroy thought and literature, restrain natural affection within the narrowest limits, and reduce the science of life to the provision by simple instinct for common wants, and the most perfect exemplar of polity will be among beasts. Voltaire's remark after reading Rousseau, that "he did not wish to walk upon all-fours," is in fact the spirit of Swift's answer to Mandeville. It is a satire upon the Englishman of his time, "the reasoning, governing animal of his country;" but it is emphatically a vindication of humanity.

Stella lived to see her husband again honoured, and almost powerful. Once he offered to acknowledge her publicly as his wife. But she answered sadly that it was too late; and Swift easily acquiesced in her decision. If the date assigned to the incident be correct, she knew at the time that she had not long to live. So early as 1720 she had been seriously ill. Her weak constitution was gradually giving way, and her death was believed to be at hand in July 1726. Swift was then in England, and behaved characteristically. "Pray, write to me every week,"* he says to a correspondent, "that I may know what steps to take, for I am determined not to go to Ireland to find her just dead or dying." "I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly

than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable." Let her know, however, that Swift has thought of her, and bought her a gold watch. But on no account must she die in the deanery; that would be "a very improper thing." Some consciousness of his own meanness seems to have haunted him while he wrote thus; and he "con-jures" his correspondent "to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive." But it was not a mere paroxysm of baseness, such as will sometimes visit a generous man. Rather more than a year later (September 1727), under similar circumstances, he wrote again, repeating his cowardly directions, in Latin:—"Habeo enim malignos qui sinistre interpretabuntur, si eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur." As it happened, however, Swift was visited about this time with an attack of vertigo, and decided that it would be prudent to return to Dublin while he could yet travel. This, at least, is his own statement in a letter, before his departure, to Mrs. Howard; and there is the less reason to doubt it as he afterwards apologized to Pope for his abrupt flight from Twickenham, stating that he found it "more convenient to be sick" in Dublin, where, he observes, "I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command."* The last sentence seems to show that he came over, not to attend Mrs. Johnson's last moments, but in the belief that she would still be able to nurse him, as she had often done before, when she was ill herself. But his correspondence for that period is meagre; and he seems to have thought it "improper" to write freely about his wife. An opportune "sickness" hindered him from attending her funeral. But that his grief at her death (January 28, 1728) was genuine may readily be believed. In an intimacy of six-and-thirty years the heart acquires a certain habit of attachment from which it cannot be severed without pain. Swift undoubtedly felt more than mere selfish grief at the loss of a useful friend; and there is an endless pathos in the cynical superscription to the packet of "only a woman's hair." Yet those who knew him best had never given him credit for romantic attachment. "My wife," says Bolingbroke, just before Stella's last illness, "sends you some fans, just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella, whoever she be."

But even to Swift's genius and vitality

* Letter to Mr. Worrall, vol. xvii. p. 76.
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* Letters to Mrs. Howard and Mr. Pope, vol. xvii. pp. 178, 181.

old age had at last begun, and another Stella was impossible. After her death he produced nothing of importance, except some pamphlets on the state of Ireland, in 1729. Of these the *Modest Proposal for making the Children of Poor People beneficial to the Public* is among the best known and the least understood. True, the humour is ghastly and Rabelaisian. Cannibalism is a sad subject for a jest, even though it cover a deep earnest; and Swift's peculiar literalness of execution brings every revolting detail before the reader's mind, and shows the children dressed, "hot from the knife," and served up "seasoned with a little pepper or salt." But the state of Ireland which he describes might excuse strong colours. "Some persons of a desponding spirit," he remarks, "are in great concern about that vast number of poor people who are aged, diseased, or maimed. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it, and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evil to come." To a writer who had exhausted himself in recommending other expediences, it might well seem as if such a state of society were a gangrene that would only admit of the cautery. Something must also be allowed for the growing despondency of Swift's temperament, and to a certain morbid taint that began to show itself, and was perhaps connected with the brain-disease of which he at last died. He had been passionately fond of society; he began now to complain that he was alone in the world; and though the statement was certainly over-coloured, it seems he was really distrustful of his own ability to please. He had always been capable of coarse allusions; his mind now seemed at times to dwell lingeringly upon filthy images. One by one the friends of his manhood, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Harley, dropped into the grave before him. Little by little his bodily powers decayed. The strong, active, self-reliant man was becoming dependent on others for help and toleration. The change is painful to all men; to Swift it was indescribably bitter.

Yet he was now reaping the full harvest of his life; and the good and bad in him

alike seemed to contribute to his well-being. He had sacrificed Stella to the exigencies of a small income; and his savings had made him a rich man. His wonderful conversational powers secured him an entry into every house he cared for; and the people of Ireland regarded him as a friend and patriot. No man insulting him could have walked Dublin safely; and the younger generation of peers and men of letters, Oxford, Orrery, and King, were eager to make his acquaintance. The burgesses of Cavan went out in procession to meet him when he visited Sheridan. His influence over women endured to the last; and he found fair correspondents to flatter him, and a faithful relative, Mrs. Whiteway, to live with him. Some of his letters to this lady when her son died are pleasant reading, for their earnest and thoughtful kindness. He seems also to have derived genuine enjoyment from his relations with Dr. Thomas Sheridan, whose wit had some affinities with his own, and whose coarse, simple, testy nature admirably fitted him to be the butt without being actually the slave of his overbearing patron. Sheridan was indebted to Swift for numerous good offices, and seems to have repaid him with a sincere attachment. But the Dean's visits must have been grievous inflictions to his friend's wife, whose relations with her husband were always bad, and whom Swift bullied, satirized, and thwarted in every possible manner, from the ordering of her dinners to her daughter's marriage. Altogether, the Dean might be a formidable guest. Lady Acheson must have been the most good-natured of women if she forgave him his countless railleries on her person, and the nicknames of "skinny and lean," or "snipe." Yet Swift was rather eccentric and inconsiderate than capable of giving pain wantonly. There is a pleasant story, how, once visiting in a country-house, he was told that a young officer had expressed his dread that the Dean would make fun of him. Swift at once went up to the alarmed guest, assured him that he never desired to give pain to men of honour, and so treated him during the whole time of his stay that the young man left the house absolutely fascinated.

At last the time came when Swift was incapable alike of friendship and of society. He had once sketched a ghastly counterpart to the legend of Tithonus, and painted the blank wretchedness of the man who was doomed to outlive friends and memory, to linger on without part in action and without hope of death, who was "least

miserable" if he turned to dotage.* There can be little doubt that he wrote with a terrible anticipation of his own fate, the long years of growing impotence, and the slow approaches of the disease, which he had again prophesied when he said, pointing to a blasted elm, that he should die at the top. During the last nine years of his life (1736-1745) he was the Struldbrug his own fancy had foreboded. The quarrels with Sheridan (who incautiously taxed him with parsimony), the bickerings with Mrs. White-way, may in all charity and sincerity be excused as the workings of a diseased brain. Happily a few friends were left who rewarded his old kindness with pious care; and the brain-disease, which had at first been attended by frenzy and paroxysms of pain, passed into an almost unbroken stupor during the last three years of his life. He died in October 1745, and the unquiet heart at last rested where, in his own words, "bitter indignation could no longer torture it."

Swift's epitaph is the key-note of his character. A burning abhorrence of falsehood and wrong is the one noble feature of a faulty life, the one immortal part of the works by which he is remembered. There are skilful mechanics of style in every age, who can mould language after the best fashion of the day, and be humorous or pathetic as the pamphlet or journal requires laughter or tears. Swift did work of this kind at times; and it is work only known to the professed student. But when he wrote from the heart he wrote for eternity. He was compounded of strange antitheses; and, as his private loves were so essentially forms of self-enjoyment that attachment and friendship were constantly sacrificed to calculation, his religion and patriotism were often curiously blended with self-interest. But he is in reality most genuine where he is most general. He could not face the discomfort of renouncing a pleasant acquaintance that ministered to his vanity, though it ended in the wreck of a woman's life; and there is not a line in evidence that he reproached himself for the unrequited sum of daily love which Stella laid at his feet. As long as the victim was uncomplaining, the Dean's profound egotism assumed that there was no cause for complaint; and the little murmurs that reached him from time to time seem only to have impressed him as unreasonable and capricious. In one of the prayers he drew up for Stella during her last illness, he implores God, to make her sensible that, if she has been afflicted

with weak health, it has been "largely made up to her in other blessings more valuable and less common." But his mental vision was keen, and as he saw he spoke, often passionately. "Ah, man," says Thackeray, "you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you, whose friends were Pope and St. John, what made you swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy, before the heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence?" "May not a man," Swift has replied by anticipation, "subscribe the whole Articles because he differs from another in the explication of one?"* If he believes that "those who are against religion must needs be fools,"† if he is content to merge differences which he regards as small for the sake of the priceless interests at stake, are you to cry him down as a knave and hypocrite?

The question is not a simple one. "My doubts," says Bishop Blougram, "are great; my faith is greater." Swift might have used very much the same words, but more honestly. He unquestionably saw difficulties in the common doctrine of Christianity, and disliked the way in which it was set forth. "Divines of all sorts," he thought, "lessen God's mercy too much;"‡ and he objected particularly to the fashion of depreciating the Pagan philosophers. Their ethics, he said, wanted little but a Divine sanction.§ Again, he believed that theological subtleties were a hindrance to the real union of Christians. And as he exalted the ethical above the dogmatic parts of Christianity, he certainly inclined to reject its supernatural dogmas. He would have allowed missionaries among Mussulmans to drop the article of Christ's divinity. The satire that spoke of holy water as universal pickle, and explained transubstantiation by the similes of a brown loaf and a sirloin, was as offensive to High Anglicans as to Catholics. There is other evidence of Swift's views on this point. "Religion," he wrote later in life, "seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it as it had in its infancy."|| So far his scepticism is undeniable. But his faith was greater. "The Scripture system of man's creation," he writes, "seems most agreeable of all others to probability and reason."¶ "The whole doctrine [of the Trinity] is short and plain, and in itself incapable of any contro-

* *Remarks upon a Book*, vol. viii. p. 259.

† *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, vol. ix. p. 442.

‡ *Thoughts on Religion*, vol. viii. pp. 174, 176.

§ *Letter to a Young Clergyman*, vol. viii. p. 349.

|| *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, vol. ix. p. 432.

¶ *Further Thoughts on Religion*, vol. viii. p. 175.

* *Gulliver's Travels*, vol. xii. p. 274.

versy, since God himself hath pronounced the fact, but wholly concealed the manner." * "I am apt to think that in the day of judgment there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, and to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. . . . But some scruples in the wise and some vices in the ignorant will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each." † Practically, therefore, he concludes that the right-minded man will keep his doubts to himself, and not attempt "to shake the walls of the world." "The want of belief is a defect that ought to be concealed, when it cannot be overcome." ‡ But a previous passage shows that he only counsels reticence where the difference of opinions is not fundamental, though he certainly objects to schisms like that of Socinus, which have no real chance of success. All this, however, merely means that Swift was more a statesman than a metaphysician, and regarded tenets and forms of faith as comparatively unimportant. Two considerations will help to explain his position. As a High Churchman he attached peculiar importance to outward conformity. As a clear, strong-headed thinker, he believed that the attacks on Christianity were immeasurably weaker than the defence. In order to refute Collins, he simply published an abstract of his discourse. The particular points which Collins attacked were "Providence, Revelation, the Old and New Testaments, future rewards and punishments, the immortality of the soul;" and on all these there is reason to believe that Swift was orthodox in the common sense of the word. No one can defend his logic by the light of modern philosophy; but no one can doubt that thousands have held views substantially resembling his in almost every particular. Half Scotland to this day believes the Bible, accepts the doctrine of the Trinity, and recognizes a sterner form of Church-government than even Swift contended for; while it is just as incredulous as himself as to the supernatural graces of Baptism and the Eucharist. Considering, therefore, that his consistency is undeniable, that he damaged himself with the Queen by his doubts, and with the Whigs by his Churchmanship, and that many of his strongest expressions of faith occur in writings that were not published during his lifetime, it seems against all evidence to assume, as Thackeray has done, that he was a sceptic

at heart, and put his apostasy out to hire.*

Thackeray adds elsewhere: "The Dean was no Irishman." Simple as the words seem, they cover a charge that Swift's patriotism was policy. The examination of his works has, perhaps, given us some reason to judge more charitably. It remains to appreciate how far Thackeray's statement expresses an actual fact. Swift's parents were English. He himself says that he was indeed born "by a perfect accident" in Ireland, but that the best part of his life, the years which gave him culture and the sense of power, had been spent in England.† He regarded his Irish promotion as sentence of exile. For many years he was on bad terms with the great men of the country. "There is no one spiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I visit or by whom I am visited," he writes in 1732. He hated and despised the Irish squires as enemies of the Church, oppressors of their tenants, jobbers, proud and illiterate.‡ To one who had mixed in the best London society, the change for such companionship must have been very bitter, especially as the distinction between Englishry and Irishry was still sharply defined; and Swift's position was that of a colonist rather than of a native. Moreover his mind, as Thackeray has finely pointed out, was cast essentially in the English mould. His style is grave, nervous, and self-restrained, never florid or circumlocutory; he writes, as it were, in "the tone of society." Grant all this, and the fact still remains that he gradually identified himself with the country of his adoption. "What I did for this country," he says to Mr. Grant, "was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppression." But the burst of gratitude and love with which his efforts were welcomed by a warm-hearted people fairly carried him away. "Drown Ireland," says Pope, "for having caught you, and for having kept you; I only reserve a little charity for knowing your value and esteeming you." "What you tell Mr. P.," writes Alderman Barber, "of my speaking disrespectfully of the Irish, is false and scandalous; I love the Irish."§ The Chevalier Wogan, an Irish refugee, corresponds with the Anglican Dean as a sympathizing patriot. Mr. Grant writes

* Arbuthnot's evidence on this subject is worth quoting. He writes to Swift in 1732, congratulating him on living in Ireland: "Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer." vol. xviii. p. 133.

† Letter to Mr. Grant, vol. xviii. p. 254; Letter to Mr. Windsor, vol. xviii. p. 7.

‡ Character of an Irish Squire, vol. vii. p. 372.

§ Vol. xviii. pp. 213, 219.

* Sermon on the Trinity, vol. viii. p. 39.

† Thoughts on Various Subjects, vol. ix. p. 434.

‡ Thoughts on Religion, vol. viii. p. 174.

from Scotland to compliment him on "your public spirit and great affection to your native country." "As to this country," Swift writes mournfully in 1736, "I am only a favourite of my old friends, the rabble, and I return their love, because I know none else who deserve it."* Foreign as his intellect was, he was able, by force of genuine liking and sympathy, to understand the peculiarities of Irish wit. He several times intersperses bulls in his letters. He is the first Englishman who translated an Irish ballad.† Nor was he quite unaffected by Irish influences in his humorous poetry. From the petition of Mrs. Francis Harris to the verses exchanged with Sheridan, there are many among his light pieces which are thoroughly un-English in structure and sentiment.

"It was Pope," says Thackeray, "and Swift to aid him, who established among us the Grub Street tradition," that is, the fierce contempt of poverty, and especially of authors as poor. If by this be meant that Pope often, and Swift occasionally, make the squalid surroundings of an enemy their favourite topic of ridicule, and that their satire has been widely read and remembered, the charge is undoubtedly true. But the word "established" must be used in its most restricted sense; for Pope and Swift only copied the fashion of a preceding generation. Dryden's MacFlecknoe in his "drugged robe," Rochester's Otway who can kill his lice because his pockets are filled, Rymer satirized and engraved as the Garretre Poet, are very literal types of the meaner men whom Pope pilloried in the Dunciad, and Swift ridiculed in the coarse pamphlets which were probably written to please Pope. But the charge generally against Swift is of the lightest, for a few faulty passages in his works are nobly compensated by the generous acts of his life. His good services to struggling authors have been alluded to. They are traits of the strong feeling for poverty that seemed as it were burned into him by the early miseries of his own life, and which no license of his pen can disprove. He applied "the first five hundred pounds which he could call his own," says Scott, "to establishing a fund from which persons of small means might obtain loans;" and, in spite of Dr. Johnson's criticism, the institution seems to have been successful. His next spare money went in purchasing a glebe for the parish of Laracor (Dec. 1716). This he bequeathed to succeeding vicars of Laracor,

"as long as the present episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith." But if it should be supplanted by any other form of Christianity, as Swift sometimes feared it would be by Presbyteranism, the proceeds were to go to the parish poor, "excepting professed Jews, atheists, and infidels." From that time forward Swift's savings were dedicated to the object he carried out in his will, the establishment of an hospital for the mad. But he gave liberally to the poor as long as he lived, and owed part of his popularity among the lower orders of Dublin to his benevolence. Nor was he wanting when personal friends applied to him for assistance. "Could any man but you," writes Lord Bathurst, "think of trusting John Gay with his money?"* and would any other man, it may be asked, have befriended Mr. Pilkington and Mrs. Barber? He bought an annuity of £20 for the daughter of an old servant.† And when he wrote calmly, no man expressed a stronger feeling for poverty in the two classes he most cared for, the clergy and the peasantry. The pamphlet *On the Bill for Clerical Residence*, and the *Considerations on Two Bills*, show Swift in his true light, impatient of all that degraded an order to which he belonged, and so far only contemptuous of poverty as it implied loss of self-respect. In one of those outspoken sermons which would now be denounced as revolutionary, he calmly observes that it is "worth considering how few among the rich have procured their wealth by just measure," and winds up, in the spirit of Arbuthnot's epitaph on Chartres, by asking, if riches and greatness are essential to happiness, how is it that God suffers them "to be often dealt to the worst and most prodigate of mankind"? Curiously enough, Swift was himself ridiculed in the very zenith of his reputation for living among "half-shirts and shams, rowlers, decayed night-gowns, snuff swimming upon gruel, and bottles with candles stuck in them." In fact there was a Dutch school, so to speak, in our literature, which delighted in coarse descriptions of sordid actualities; and Swift sometimes borrowed its style in the trifles flung out against ignoble enemies. But no man was less capable of charging poverty as a crime upon the profession to which he belonged, than the man who never forgot he had been poor, who was even ostentatious in his small economies, and whom no enemy ever accused of having forsaken a humble friend, or with want of sympathy for distress.

* Vol. xix. p. 88.

† "O'Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot.
By those who were there, or those who were
not," etc. Vol. xiv. p. 184.

* Vol. xvii. p. 383.

† Vol. xviii. p. 217.

A reproach, however, rests upon Swift's literary memory, which cannot be explained away, and can only partially be extenuated. Most of his great works are disfigured by a coarse passage here and there; and some of his minor writings are simply disgusting. He would probably have replied that very nice people have very nasty ideas, and would have justified himself by the example of his contemporaries. The latter is the only valid excuse. He lived in the age when Walpole defended the practice of obscene conversation by the plea that it gave the only topics on which a mixed company could talk. Some of the worst letters in Swift's correspondence are from ladies. Some of the worst poems with which his name is associated were really written by Pope and Arbuthnot, and ought now to be excluded from his works. His *Diary* and his *Manual of Polite Conversation* alike show that the relations of the sexes were jested on in drawing-rooms by men and women with a surprising freedom. He once speaks of retiring at an early hour from Bolingbroke's dinners, because he finds his presence a restraint on the company.* Generally, the case against him may perhaps be thus stated: that he was coarse from the first; that his coarseness is peculiarly distasteful from the concentration of style and minuteness of detail; but that essentially he was no worse than contemporaries during the first fifty-eight years of his life. The *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms* seems in this respect to mark distinct deterioration; and the apology of its philosophical significance has only a partial value. For some of the minor pieces even this plea is wanting; and we must either assume that the Dean's natural propensity ran riot when the restraint of Stella's criti-

* "I give no man liberty to swear or talk bawdy in my company," etc. (*Letter to Stella*), vol. ii. p. 262. At a much later period Swift complains that four worse lines had been tacked on to his poem of *Tim* and the *Fables*, in the tenth *Intelligence*.

cisms was removed, or that disease of the brain had already begun (1730, 1731).

Yet with all his imperfections the man was a great man. Forget his coarseness, put aside the wretched egotisms of his private life, assume — what is surely true — that a man may be incapable of unselfish personal feeling, and yet upright, generous, and ardent in his general perceptions and sympathies: and then say if there be any man between Milton and Burke who is so essentially the Hebrew prophet inspired to detect and denounce wrong as Swift. Make every abatement for private piques and the partly venal services of the political writer; and when every tainted or doubtful passage is struck out, what remains is the terrible indictment against England in her Augustan age. It was the fashionable era of satirists. Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, De Foe, Addison, were men who might almost be matched with Swift for mere mastery of style; and their pages are repertoires of graceful trifles, such as might amuse a Court in the hours that precede disgrace and death. Swift's stand out in fire, like the warning letters on the wall. Ignorant ministers, unrighteous laws, a corrupt upper class, and a degraded commonalty, were seen by him as no one else saw them; and his vision was thronged with images of national decline and ruin. So it was that after ten years' respite from work as a pamphleteer, he took up his old weapons for a nobler warfare. The women whom he sacrificed understood him; the people whom he despised, defended, and loved, rewarded him with an uncalculating attachment; his literary friends treated him with the old homage to the end. It would surely be without parallel in history if the man was no more than a counterfeit, genuine only in certain real powers of intellect, and with no other claim to a bitter indignation than that which the consciousness of his own hypocrisy might give.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AS A SMUGGLER.

THE SONGS OF THE SAINTS.

THE trick of smuggling through the mails, the detection of which a few days ago, in the Chicago Postoffice, resulted in the seizure of a number of miscellaneous and valuable articles of foreign manufacture, was duly mentioned in the *EVENING POST*, and it was also stated that

among the smuggled goods were found a lot of Mormon hymn-books, addressed to Brigham Young, Salt Lake City.

A Chicago paper gives the following curious description of one of these hymn-books:—

"The title-page says the book contains 'The sacred hymns and spiritual songs of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints' There are four hundred and fifteen pages of hymns, and some of them are decidedly rich. Here

is one, entitled 'Lord hear the Red Man's Wail :—

'Great Spirit ! listen to the red man's wail
Thou hast the power to help him in his woe;

Thy mighty arm was never known to fail;
Great Chieftain ! save him from the pale-faced foe.

'His broad, green hunting-grounds where
buffloes roam,
His bubbling streams where finny thousands play,
The waving prairies, once his happy home,
Are fast departing to the Christian's sway.

'With cursed fire-water's stupefying flame,
(Which lulled the senses of our chiefs to rest),
And soft mouthed words, the cheating pale-face came,
And stole our lands and drove us to the west.

'Our gray-haired medicine-men so wise and good,
Are all confounded with the dread disease,
Which ne'er was known to flow in Indian blood,
Till white men brought it from beyond the Seas.

'And shall our nation, once so great, decay ?
Our children perish and our chieftains die ?
Great Spirit, help !—Thy glorious power display,
Subvert our foes ! O ! hear the Indian's cry !

"There is a second part to this hymn, which tells the red man that his prayer is heard, and that his foes 'shall perish like the sun-scorched grass,' and that his Mormon brothers will reveal the truth of the holy book which his father hid.

"Brigham evidently wants to make friends of the Indians, in order that he may use them to drive back Uncle Sam, for whom, if one may judge by the following, he has a little aversion :—

'Up, awake, ye defenders of Zion !
The foe's at the door of your homes :
Let each heart be the heart of a lion,
Unyielding and proud as he roams.
Remember the wrongs of Missouri;
Forget not the fate of Nauvoo;
When the God-hating foe is before ye,
Stand firm and be faithful and true.

'By the mountains our Zion's surrounded;
Her warriors are noble and brave;
And their faith on Jehovah is founded
Whose power is mighty to save.

Opposed by a proud boasting nation,
Their numbers compared may be few;
But their union is known through creation,
And they've always been faithful and true.

'Shall we bear with oppression forever ?
Shall we tamely submit to the foe,
While the ties of our kindred they sever ?
Shall the blood of the prophets still flow ?
No ! The thought sets the heart wildly beating
Our vows at each pulse we renew—
Ne'er rest till our foes are retreating,
While we remain faithful and true.

'Though assisted by legions infernal,
The plundering wretches advance,
With a host from the regions eternal,
We'll scatter their foes at a glance.
Soon the 'kingdom' will be independent;
In wonder the nations will view
The despised ones in glory resplendent;
Then let us be faithful and true.

"Deseret, another name for the country around Salt Lake, also has a hymn beginning:—

'Deseret, Deseret ! home of the free.
And dearer than all other lands 'tis to me;
Where the saints are secure from oppression
and strife,
And enjoy to the full the rich blessings of life.
'Tis a land which for ages has been lying waste
Where the savage has wandered by darkness debased;
Where the wolf and the bear unmolested did roam—
Away, far away ! Deseret is my home.'

"The second stanza is very suggestive of what Brigham would do if he could. It is :—

'Deseret, Deseret, she has long been oppressed,
But now, for a while, she is taking her rest;
She feels like a giant refreshed with new wine,
And enjoys from Jehovah his blessings benign.
There are hearts that can feel for another's deep woe,
And with charity, blessings on others bestow;
Return good for evil to those who oppress,
And await the time coming to give them redress.

"In the next verse the brethren sang that they do not regret leaving the land of their birth to dwell in—

'That sweet favored spot on earth
Where Brigham and Heber and David preside.'

"The collection also embraces 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' a number of Methodist hymns, and several very popular with colored Baptists. Brigham was notified that they had been seized. Until the duty is paid, the Saints will not sing out of them."

N. Y. Evening Post.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. CHILDERSLEIGH AT HOME.

IF the shareholders had reason to be satisfied, assuredly the Governor and the Directors had no cause to complain. Their fixed appointments were liberal to excess, their contingent ones munificent to extravagance. Mr. Childersleigh, to begin with, enjoyed as a certainty something little less than the salary of a Cabinet Minister. The Deputy-Governor, and Mr. Hemprigge, the Managing Director, each received the equivalent of a judge's retiring pension; while for attending infrequent courts, or attaching occasional autographs, the rank and file of the Board drew the emoluments of stipendiary magistrates. But all that was dwarfed to insignificance by the percentage they became entitled to under the articles of association on the gross profits of each of the Company's transactions. It was distributed among them in proportions left to their own discretion, a delicate and considerate arrangement, as then the full amount of their receipts stared neither them nor the shareholders conspicuously in the face in the annual balance-sheets. Indeed they remained very much of a mystery to all but those the most nearly concerned. Naturally the lion's share of the fund in question was apportioned to the Governor, the animating spirit of the whole, the man whose versatile talents, social or commercial, were always straining themselves for the benefit of the Company, who was equally at home in negotiating complex financial transactions with foreign capitalists, hard as flints, sharp as razors, smooth and treacherous as tigers, or in doing the honours of the *Crédit Foncier* to its connection, blending sets and ranks in his hospitable dining-room in a genial fellowship.

It was hardly to be wondered at that his peculiar position should make him a little more grasping than he would otherwise have shown himself. But in discussing with Mr. Hemprigge the allocation of the Directors' indirect remuneration, before submitting a proposal on the subject to the Board, he had been disagreeably astonished to find a good deal of stolid resistance dexterously insinuated by that gentleman. Hemprigge, indeed, professed himself satisfied and gratified with the share destined to him,—as, indeed, he might be; nor did he take direct exception to that which Hugh proposed to appropriate. But he hinted at the policy of dealing by the others with a freer hand, the more gratuitously, as it struck the Governor, that no one of the parties more nearly interested expressed dissatisfaction when

asked to ratify the suggested arrangements. For Hugh had his way in the end, yielding but very slightly to the amendments moved by his colleague. The little difference, however, led him to vex himself with much speculation on Hemprigge's motives; for we regret to say it never once occurred to him to give the Managing Director credit for the disinterestedness he claimed. The cloud passed away, but it left a coolness, which Hemprigge thenceforth strove ceaselessly to remove. You would have said that, having discharged a most painful duty in speaking out his opinion as to the reasonable emoluments of the Governor, he had found a positive relief and pleasure in being overruled. He appeared too eager to prove, by his redoubled zeal for the interests of his colleague, that he had acted very much against the grain upon purely public grounds.

Hugh liked his work and he liked the money it brought him, and when the novelty had worn away of having found an object that constantly occupied his thoughts and time, the first enjoyable excitement calmed down into something that was even more agreeable. Then he found himself continually forgetting the end in the means, and following out the business of the hour without bestowing a thought on the future he was working for. At the same time all earthly joys have their alloy, and the very fulness of prosperity brings a bitter of its own. His income was a large one, far larger than he could have hoped; and although it was in some measure precarious, it made him feel already more independent of the fortune he was striving after. But the greater it grew and the more rumour magnified it, the more false did his position threaten to become. It was his acknowledged social standing, rather than business talents which were a secret to all the world, that had recommended him originally for his post; and when the Board placidly yielded him so much of the common remuneration, it was on the implication that much of it should be lavished in advertising. There was a tacit understanding—or so he felt, at least,—that he should entertain the investing public on a generous scale and keep a hospitable house.

His own tastes, we know, tended naturally to the magnificent, and he hated that any one should say he stinted where he was bound to spend, or that he did his colleagues less than lavish justice. Had he had no ulterior views of his own he would have asked nothing better than to move into a more spacious mansion and throw it open to all comers. The less he liked his guests individually the more it would have pleased him

to make his invitations indiscriminate; the more of them he crowded together the less was he put out himself, for the larger his parties the more of an official character they assumed. The comparatively modest dimensions of the Harley Street rooms gave the gathering there a tone something too friendly to suit his tastes, and he moved through them in a continual dread of having to submit blandly to be button-holed and badgered.

In casual conversation with Hemprigge, he had alluded to his preoccupations on this score, half hoping that a gentleman who knew his aims so well would pronounce for prudence and the propriety of staying quietly in his present quarters. To his surprise, Hemprigge, although he certainly did speak much as was expected of him, did it in a way that left more to be inferred than Childersleigh liked. Puffing out his cheeks, nodding his head, and looking, as Hugh thought, abominably vulgar and familiar, he spoke of not minding anything the world might say in a way that led the Governor to think the world had been talking more than he had supposed. Whereupon, however, he came characteristically to the sage conclusion, that it being evidently idle to attempt to satisfy a world so exacting and unreasonable, the wisest thing he could do was to remain where he was and go on acting as he had been doing; to keep his eye on the main chance and the golden prize, taking good care in the meantime not to let penny wisdom make him pound foolish, and without plunging into extravagance, to err, if anything, on the side of liberality.

When entertainments were so frequent, it was evident one must be given to celebrate so great an event as a general meeting and the first declaration of a dividend. Accordingly two-and-twenty guests were bidden to Harley Street, the extreme number its dining-room could contain with comfort.

"What sort of dinner are we to have to-day, Hugh?" demanded Rushbrook, strolling into the drawing-room, where he found his cousin standing alone on the hearth, glancing over the summary of the day's proceedings in the evening paper. His lordship was occupying a bedroom in the house.

"A good one, I hope, and am happy to believe, for I am most outrageously hungry. I think we may trust to Casserole, and there's one good thing about these business spreads: the men carry their City punctuality into their dinner engagements, and if your *chef* feels they may not appreciate all the refinements of his art, at least

he knows his genius has fair play and he may satisfy his conscience."

"Then he can always rely on one connoisseur, eh, Hugh? But I did not refer to the *matériel* of the feast. I only wish I knew that all the departments of the Company were as admirably filled as your kitchen, and that its strong-box would always be as well provided as your larder. What I mean is, whom are we going to have?"

"The Board to a man, I fancy, unless, indeed, Delacour throws us over. He held out hopes he might."

"Heaven grant it!" parenthesized Lord Rushbrook.

"And a few others admitted on a very high property qualification. Not a man of them with less than his half-million or thereabouts. Reynardson comes to represent the Church. After his speech of to-day, I shall always say no man has a more profound insight into character; and then there's that little Belgian rascal, Dumont, who so nearly legged us in the matter of the Montenegrin loan."

"Quite right: there's nothing in better taste than honouring an honourable adversary. He's an amusing little beggar too, if his English were only a shade more intelligible, and there he has the advantage of most of the others. But here comes one of them, confound him, and it wants ten minutes of eight still!"

A ring, a rush of feet, a name tossed like a tennis-ball from mouth to mouth and landing up to landing, the door is flung open, and enter Mr. Hemprigge.

That gentleman, as he mounted the stairs, had marked with an interest he always exhibited all the signs of display, and had rapidly run through some mental calculations as to the weight Mr. Childersleigh might be charging himself with, in this race of his for the 200,000*l.* Hugh had done little to the house since it came into his hands, and its departed owner, had she revisited her late dwelling, need have had little difficulty in identifying it. Faded carpets had given place to fresher ones, some articles of furniture had been renewed, and, in particular, the stiff-backed chairs and uncompromising sofas had been cashiered in favour of a profusion of luxurious ones. But on principle, and under the peculiar circumstances in which he occupied the house, Hugh set his face against show, and declined to brand himself a *nouveau riche* and make a vulgar match of it with mushroom capitalists.

Everything about him argued the assured position and unassuming wealth that have no need to puff themselves. In the inter-

ests of the Company, at whose board he had found a seat, Mr. Marxby had consented to the transfer of some of the old family portraits that had gemmed the walls at Childersleigh. Now, in the dining-room at Harley Street, black-velvet doublets and Flemish ruffs, lovelocks, cuirasses and slashed satin hose, patches, powder, and diamond-clustered stomachers, epaulettes and pigtales, Antonio Mores, Vandykes, Lelys, Gainsboroughs, and Reynoldses, looked down on the gold-grubbers at their feasts. Ancient walnut buffets, black as ebony, threw out in relief the massive plate that loaded them, from a pair of salvers by Cellini to cups won for Hugh's grandfather by his prize pigs.

"Queer fancy, a swell like Childersleigh going in so hard for business," some awestruck guest, oppressed by those unaccustomed magnificences, would whisper to his neighbour.

"A very good thing for us though," the other would chuckle back, "and only shows what a rare turn he has for it." So for once pictures, and the precious metals in the unremunerative shape of plate, yielded their owner substantial returns.

Frequent visits ought to have familiarized Hemprigge with all this splendour, yet he dwelt upon it now with unimpaired complacency. His spirits rose as he passed from the chilly street into a hall all ablaze with lights and liveries, and looked in at the open door of the heavy-curtained dining-room where a thousand flames were dancing on silver and crystal. "All my doing, too," he told himself inwardly with excusable pride, as he stole his hands towards each other to indulge them in a furtive rub, while his neat little person swelled itself proudly, and his heart throbbed up against his embroidered shirt-front and diamond studs. When he followed his name into the drawing-room, he felt much like Mr. Childersleigh's patron saint come condescendingly to take pot luck at that gentleman's board.

He had arrived early, in the chance of having a few words quietly with Hugh, and giving his friend the Governor an opportunity of gracefully smoothing down the plumes Rushbrook's speech had ruffled. And lo! Rushbrook in person stepped forward to greet him with an air of flattering intimacy as he seldom wore, just as if his eulogy of the afternoon had been all it professed to be.

"Oh! it's you, is it, Hemprigge? Come early to have a quiet laugh at the proceedings of the day before the others turn up? Capital fun these solemn meetings are, to

be sure; I never saw grave comedy better put upon any stage. Not a theatre in town could touch it. The whole thing was inevitable."

"Well, for my part, my lord——"

"Ah, yes, what an excellent speech that was of yours. Not a bit too much of it, but all well chosen and to the purpose. And not a man of them, except, perhaps, Hugh there, knew that you and I were laughing all the time at each other and every one else."

Hemprigge was quite aware his lordship was far too intelligent to expect to take him in by this affectation of friendly *bonhomie*, and perhaps he might have vindicated his own shrewdness by intimating as much and retorting. But just then the door opening again made him pause and think. Better than most men, he knew the value of keeping on good terms with dignitaries, especially when they were at once rich and needy. So, as Lord Rushbrook chose to be intimate and pleasant, he made up his mind not to baulk him, but by parading his present affectionate familiarity, protect himself as far as he could against injury from his future outbreaks.

The new arrival was McAlpine, who came striding into the room the very picture of bluff health, and as unlike a man who had passed the best of his life in the Indies as could well be imagined.

"How do you do again, Childersleigh? I'm glad to see some one before me, but Hemprigge there always is beforehand with his play and his work. The truth is, with fair travelling I can generally time my pace to a yard, but then it's no such easy matter allowing for all the crossings between this and Notting Hill."

"You don't mean to tell us you've walked?"

"Every yard of the road. After sitting so many years in that infernal Sudder Court at Jubbulpore, my legs take a deal of stretching. Then I like to keep myself in condition for the Gartnacaber hills. You ought to know something of them, Childersleigh, but I think they're a bit stiffer in my country than over with your people in Kil-loden. Besides, when I walk to my dinner I generally find my appetite has got there before me, and that's the way to make sure of one pleasant companion, let me tell you."

But early as Hemprigge and McAlpine had come, they had no monopoly of overstrained punctuality. Already a noise as of a Pickford's van on wheels, followed by a crash at the knocker, told of some less unassuming arrival, and enter Budger, who, in the earlier part of his life, having limited

his aspirations to boots rather than carriages, could now-a-days no more move without wheels than his massive watch. To the east of Charing Cross station he never showed except through the windows of his huge caravan; its orange panels relieved by its crimson liveries. Then the steady rat-tat at the door made the closing it almost a form, and the rooms began to fill fast. From habit, perhaps, even pending the imminent announcement of dinner, most of the assembled guests seemed to busy themselves with business in one form or another.

Childersleigh was the centre of a group who thought rightly that, in default of any more immediate objects, it was always a sage thing to pay homage to the Governor. Rushbrook was in the middle of another, who eagerly availed themselves of the chance of improving their acquaintance with the future peer. Among these Budger was conspicuous, specially instructed to that effect by Mrs. B., and charged with the delicate mission of securing his noble brother director for one of his chaste little dinners. The Argive brothers, Theologos and Andreas, who were dreaming of some kite-flying on a mammoth scale, had pinioned the Managing Director down on an ottoman between them, and were plying him with compliments, which he managed to swallow somehow, although his sense shrunk from such highly sugared *bonbons*. Dumont had button-holed Houssein Pacha: for men were talking of a radical change of men and measures at Constantinople, and Young Turkey might be called to power and concessions might be going a-begging. Schwartzchild, accustomed to move a minor planet among small satellites of his own, and now neglected for ambiguous meteors and shooting-stars, gloomed sullenly under a curtain; and Rolfganger, left in equal isolation, shrugged his shoulders, not ill-pleased, and picked up the *Pall Mall* Hugh had thrown down.

"Mr. Childersleigh, served!" As each man felt constrained to wait for some one else to show the way, there was a jealous jam by the door, followed by a desperate scramble, when the host, offering the *pas* to the Turk, proceeded to pilot the way. At the head of the table he was supported by Houssein Pacha on the one side, while Sir Ralph Palliser, with serene self-respect, had elbowed his way into the vacant place on the other. Dumont, with the tenacity and assurance of his breed, still clung to the honoured Mussulman, who for his part was not sorry to find a sprightly neighbour, who could chatter to him in a tongue he

was familiar with. At the other end was Rushbrook, radiant at having manoeuvred Budger out of either seat on his right hand and his left. One of them he had quietly secured for Rolfganger, while old Mr. Cox, of Cox, Barber and Co., the Company's bankers, a quiet humorous individual, gifted with the useful knack of unobtrusively appreciating any good things that might be going, had managed to drop into the other.

At first the party was far from a lively one, spite of the laudable efforts of the host to promote something like general conversation. Nothing in nature perhaps is more susceptible than a society of millionaires, and few things more distrustful than a party of competing capitalists. To do away with the initial objection to making an easy gathering out of materials so repellent, precedence should be utterly abolished by some such device as John o' Groat is said to have adopted in his patriarchal household, where each man, entering by a door of his own, took his seat at what he might call the top of his own table. Order of rank must become a question of credit when you settle it by sheer income, and where money means merit it is a matter of character and vanity as well.

However, the starch began to dissolve in the turtle and the wine, and by the time the decanters were in rapid revolution after dinner, all were in train, and as playful and genial as it was in their nature to be. But it was fortunate, perhaps, for Childersleigh that most of what was passing at the other end of the table was lost in the noise of the intermittent skirmish on Oriental politics fought out around him in shrieking French. For Lord Rushbrook, once more slightly oblivious of his responsibilities, was in his element, drawing recklessly on the good faith of his neighbours, and assenting gravely to the very startling social and political theories he persuaded some of them to hazard. Mr. Cox, who liked fun as much as he hated new men, was actively abetting; so was McAlpine, who was blessed with a marvellous control of countenance; and so unwittingly was Budger, whose earnest warmth it was that at last "parted that fair company."

"By the way, I hear that the East London Relief Committee have applied to the Board for a subscription," observed Dr. Reynardson, interposing himself as peace-maker in a rather hot argument. "I suppose there is suffering amongst the lower orders," he went on, swaying a glass of very old Madeira against the light, and regarding it with a languid amorosness.

"If I have any voice in the matter."

vociferated Budger, "I should say, not one shilling. Depend on it, that ninety-nine times in a hundred, when a man starves the fault's his own. Show me a pauper, and I'll show you a rascal. Make pauperism penal, I say, if you want to have done with it once and for ever."

"Of course, to a great extent we must all be inclined to subscribe to those very moderate observations of yours, Mr. Budger," rejoined Lord Rushbrook, "and without going quite to the length you do, I am of opinion it might be right and expedient generally to condemn poverty to what I might call a negative proscription — to leave it to look after itself and take its chance. But, with regard to that hundredth case you speak of, where you admit the pauper may not be wholly to blame, how should you propose dealing with that?"

"Oh, it's not worth while stopping to take every separate case into consideration. Besides, it would do far more harm than good, and open a door for deceit and all manner of rascality. Depend upon it, they're all tarred with very much the same brush, those beggars. There must be people out of luck in the world; but that's no reason why their betters should be bothered and robbed on the chance of helping them. I say again, every man for himself, and let them as can't help themselves go to the wall."

"The question is one beset with difficulties," suggested Rushbrook gravely. "If they go to the wall instead of the workhouse, sooner or later you'll have to sacrifice your principles and take them in hand, for your own sake, were it only to bury them."

"So you may, and a very great shame and hardship it is; but then, mark this, my lord, you don't give up your principles at all. You do it for your own sake, not for theirs. That's the difference. Ah, if we could only bring things to that point, we might afford to leave the rest to time. No, no, none of your philanthropy and humbug for me. I'm all for justice, and the plain, common-sense view of things."

"Well, but to come back to the subscription they ask us for, what do you say to that, doctor?" asked Rushbrook. "You differ from Mr. Budger, I know, for I saw your name figuring conspicuously on their list."

The doctor blushed slightly. His name had figured for a couple of guineas, and now he regretted perhaps that he had not listened to the voice of vanity, and made the two ten or even twenty, as he had once thought of doing.

"It's a difficult question, as you observe very justly, my lord; and, my own experience having lain, I am glad to say, mainly among a very different class, — a question, perhaps, I am less able to solve than another; but for myself I am so far inclined to agree with Mr. Budger, that I believe poverty to be for the most part the appointed penalty of vice, and that again brings us face to face with our consciences. In taking wholesale steps to relieve it, may we not be flying in the face of Providence?"

"It was selfishness, doctor, maybe," interposed McAlpine, "but I remember well when I was at Jubbulpore in the famine year, that the sight of the niggers dying by hundreds all around me took away my appetite more than the sun; and the thermometer would have stood at 120° in the shade, if there had been any. If I had not spared them a few of my rupees, upon my honour I don't believe I should have been able to dine at all. Perhaps it's superstitious too, but for my own part I don't believe the *Crédit Foncier* of Turkey would be a grain the poorer for sending the committee a cheque for a few hundreds."

"The very thing I was thinking myself," exclaimed honest Mr. Marxby, who was little given to talking, but who could feel with all the vigour of a florid constitution. "The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Mr. McAlpine?"

"Well, well," remarked Doctor Reynardson, "charity's an admirable virtue when you can practise it with a pure conscience, and I have no doubt whatever the Board will exercise a wise discretion."

"To be very frank with you, Doctor," retorted McAlpine, "I think Budger's position more defensible than yours, and I'm not sure I don't like his practice nearly as well. It's true you profess to allow Charity all manner of freedom, but you look after her so carefully all the time that, for any good you let her do, you might just as well keep her at home with yourself. Now that's what Budger does. He loves her so much that he monopolizes her, and every beggar knows exactly where to have him. He would have the poor-laws written in blood, and make death the penalty for a breach of them."

"Yes, by — I would! Mr. McAlpine," shouted Budger, dimly conscious he was being ridiculed, and bringing down his fist on the table, with an emphasis that made the plates and the glasses dance again.

"*Parait que ça chauffe là bas*," remarked Dumont, breaking off in a voluble exposition of the advantages of extending the

Crédit Foncier's operations to Russia, and regarding the other end of the table through his eyeglass.

"Yes, really, I think you had better ring for coffee, and have some liqueurs thrown on the troubled waters, Childersleigh," said Sir Ralph. "If you were to give us a specimen of your skill in brute-taming, and rub down that animal Budger, now?" he added in a whisper.

"Much better leave him to Rushbrook," responded Hugh, coolly. "He's rising, and has his eye on him, I see, and will have his arm through his in another moment. There's nothing so soothing to Budger as being smoothed down by a viscount."

"Yes; there's no accounting for tastes, but I should say Rushbrook and Budger seem made for each other, and I've no doubt they have both thoroughly enjoyed the evening."

It was more than the host could say. As he mounted the stairs to his bedroom, after dismissing the last of his guests, he soliloquized with a weary sigh: "It's all very well, the business part of it, but confound the pleasure."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAIF WASHED TO LAND.

LUCY WINTER did pay a long visit to "The Cedars." As months slipped away, she and every one else came to look upon the place as her home. Maude had taken to petting her *protégée* from the day she carried her off; and, first for his daughter's sake, afterwards for his own, Sir Basil, in his own stately way, did the same. At first Lucy, regarding herself as a burden her entertainers had charitably charged themselves with, was given to attempting awkward little speeches about relieving them of it. But as there was nowhere else in the wide world for her to go—as she had no plans whatever, even of the vaguest—and as Maude would never listen to her seriously, she became sensitively alive to the absurdity of volunteering them, and resigned herself accordingly. Then, as her shyness and self-distrust wore away, she came to see that she really counted for something in the household, and could not help flattering herself they would miss her were she gone. Maude, to be sure, did her very best to spoil her. At first it was with something of an effort she had lavished the blandishments of which she was generally so chary, and as a penitent atonement for previous neglect; but first it grew into a habit, and then a pleasure. Among her many luxu-

ries she had never before enjoyed a friendship, and possibly never would have indulged in one had she been obliged to contract it upon equal terms and fair give-and-take-principles. She was too domineering and unyielding for that; far too intolerant of conventional sentiment and feminine exactions. But she looked on Lucy as something of her own, with which there could be no manner of rivalry, with which it was needless to stand on the defensive, and impossible to take offence. She set herself the task of forming her, conceding her, in the meantime, the freest liberty of thought and speech—a liberty which Lucy, to be sure, was the last person in the world to abuse. But Maude liked her all the better that she could respect her too; for Lucy spoke her mind if she spoke it gently, and neither for love nor gratitude concealed her sentiments.

Then Maude's liking throve the more that at first she had to champion her friend in her family. To Sir Basil, in a matter of this sort, his daughter's will was law, and he would have breathed but faint remonstrances against any companion she was likely to introduce to his household. But principle conspired with instinct to prevent his ignoring the gulf that divided a capitalist of position from a pauper with none at all, even if the pauper was pretty and in petticoats. After her engaging manners had begun to demoralize him, the earlier efforts of his good nature to bridge the gulf were still somewhat too apparent; and it was his daughter's constant care to make them show less conspicuously to Lucy and come more easily to him. At last, her thoughtfulness and watchful tact had their reward. Sir Basil was relieved to find himself treating Lucy as something of his daughter's, and consequently of his own, and having once or twice committed himself obliquely, came gradually with a quiet conscience to be easy and even affectionate with her. Independently of the unobtrusive gratitude that repaid him, he found his recompense, perhaps, in the more demonstrative warmth of his daughter's affection; and Lucy's position at "The Cedars" was the better assured, that its master felt she had been a godsend to them, and her presence had brightened up his household.

Purkiss had looked unlovingly on this caprice of his sister, and regarded its domestication with an evil eye. At first he oscillated between supercilious civility and a parade of indifference which would have appeared absolute rudeness to one less humble than Lucy. But while she seemed to accept it in her patience as a matter of

course, it often made her friend Maude flush up, and bite her lips, and show her teeth, in a way that Purkiss marked and trembled at. If there was one thing he shrunk from more than another, it was a passage of words with his sister. Experience told him that a rally of the sort always left her with the best of it; that she generally rolled his dignity in the dust, and left him with some unanswered taunt to rankle in his bosom. As she frightened him into an outward courteousness of behaviour, he had to fall back on revenging himself quietly, as best he could. His ingenuity not being altogether on a par with his malice, his vengeance generally took the shape of assuming, as a matter of course, that Lucy's visit was drawing to a close. As Maude had no intention of risking any secret arrangement she might contemplate by prematurely starting either Lucy or her father, she found herself on these occasions tongue-tied and proportionately savage.

"Do you know, I begin rather to like that little *protégée* of yours?" Purkiss would observe to his sister with condescending good-humour. "Really we shall miss her. She's very unassuming and well-behaved, and all things considered, by no means so very awkward or unidea'd."

"I am sure she ought to be highly flattered by the good opinion of a man like you," Maude would rejoin with a smile of ominous sweetness, but striving hard, for the sake of Lucy's comfort, to avoid aggravating her brother's hostility.

"Yes, indeed," Purkiss would go on, blind to the danger-signals flying, or reckless. "I do wish we could find a good place for her somewhere — a companionship like what she had before, I fancy, would suit her best. She hasn't education enough for a governess?"

"I think I told you I find her a great pleasure, and hope to prevail on her to put off thinking of plans in the meantime," Maude would rejoin, her brow blackening a good deal as the thunder-clouds began to roll up on it.

"Yes, that's all very well, and very kindly meant," Purkiss would go on, rather nervous, although quite unable to deny himself the rare pleasure of making Maude thoroughly angry; "but it really isn't quite fair to the girl. You should recollect that although we may be doing it all with the best intentions, our charity is accustoming her to a life utterly different to anything she can look forward to. Your own excellent sense must tell you it would have been better for her, had you left her in charge of Mrs. Parkyns, or if you were to bring her

here, if you had sent her down at once to the housekeeper's room."

"I am sure, Purkiss, whatever may be in store for her, if she does not accustom herself to insult and vulgarity, you need never blame yourself. If she is poor, really for once you ought to be lenient to poverty. She got very little more than you from Miss Childersleigh, although it's true she did not take nearly so much trouble to get it."

"Once for all, Maude —"

"Oh, I can make every allowance for your vexation. It must be very trying for a busy man to have wasted so much of the time he might have employed to so much better purpose. It's hard indeed to have been grovelling in the dust so long only to pick yourself up with empty hands and find every one laughing at you. But think what a comfort it is, after all, that you were born to a good business with other people to manage it. What in the world would have become of you, Purkiss, had you had to make one for yourself, like Hugh?"

Nothing stung Purkiss more infallibly than any allusion to Hugh's success, except, perhaps, a depreciation of the business talents he prided himself on. Either one or the other was sufficient to put him to sulky flight with ample food for sullen meditation. Then Maude would blame herself for making mischief, and form virtuous resolutions against the use of poisoned weapons in the future, resolutions sure to be broken on the next temptation. And Purkiss cultivated hypocrisy among his other accomplishments, and taught himself to appear to tolerate Lucy's society and even enjoy it, relieving the bitterness of his suppressed feelings in occasional outbreaks of spleen. In reality he honoured this innocent cause of his mortification with a special hatred, while he cherished all the time his standing aversion to Hugh, and contrived after all to have a good deal of dislike to spare for his sister.

George Childersleigh contrasted his brother in most things, and in nothing more than his behaviour to the new inmate of the household. Maude had thanked him often for the suggestion that sent her to Harley Street, and tacitly made over to him in gratitude a share of the ownership in Lucy. Not that it needed more than her forlorn condition to dispose George in Lucy's favour. His unaffected manner set her at ease with him from the first, and although she was perturbed at the announcement of the earliest of his visits, afterwards her only sensations were those of pleasure at the prospect of the good-humoured addition to their quiet party.

Sir Basil delighted in having his favourite son with him, and George was in the habit of sacrificing a good deal to gratify him, always grumbling at the expenditure of his valuable time, involved in those frequent journeys to the wilds of Hampstead. Purkiss, who could no more read his brother than the Septuagint in the original, and who fell into the absurd but not unnatural error of studying him by reference to himself, attributed the attentions he bestowed on his family to motives not dissimilar to those that had sent himself to Harley Street, in the late Miss Childersleigh's time. In which he did his brother gross injustice, and proved himself nearly as subtle a student of human nature as he was an agreeable member of society. George was pleased to please his father, and treading firmly on the path of duty, merely exercised the inalienable prerogative of a Briton in grumbling at its thorns. Insensibly he began to find that the changed state of things at "The Cedars" made this duty more of a pleasure, and he was grateful accordingly.

"I'll tell you what it is, Maude," he remarked one evening to his sister, as she followed him into the hall to thank him with a curtsy and a kiss for having honoured them by keeping his cab standing at the door for a couple of hours — "I'll tell you what it is. Now that you two girls have got together, you do brighten each other up amazingly. The evenings fly twice as quick as they used to."

"*Merci, monsieur*, for the compliment — to Lucy," she rejoined, taking no offence apparently at its equivocal character, but looking steadily in his face.

"Not at all, Maude, not at all;" and in his frank tones he answered her looks, not her words. "I assure you I'm more in love with you than with your friend, and if she has gained the most in the brightening process, it is only because she had the more to gain. Think what a little lady of the sorrowful countenance she was when she came, pricking her ears nervously when any one spoke to her, and glancing up with her soft eyes through her long brown hair, like a beaten setter. Now she, really seems in the way to make my father a boy; and as for you —"

"Well, as to me, what?"

"As for you, I was going to say, she has made you a girl again — sometimes a child. I may tell you now, I began to fear you had grown a woman for good and all; and you know I delight in children. But good-night, dear. If you keep me here to all hours in this way, you must get Miss Winter to persuade the governor to increase my

allowance, or I shall ruin myself out and out in cab-fares."

It said a good deal for Maude that she betrayed no twinge of jealousy at hearing her friend praised so warmly by her favourite brother, and somewhat at her own expense. For a moment she had been startled by the idea that unawares he might have stolen into love with Lucy. Maude had been much too carefully trained from the cradle to be anything but shocked at a Childersleigh, of Lombard Street, marrying the sweetest girl in the world without a suitable fortune; but George's unembarrassed and voluntary disavowal of the weakness her look had charged him with quite reassured her.

"He is frank, at any rate," she said. "He never does tell fibs and, moreover, if he were to try, he couldn't help betraying himself to save his life."

When she went back to the drawing-room, looking at Lucy curiously as she had never done before, she conscientiously congratulated herself that George had passed at once to brotherly relations, escaping heart-whole from a danger she had never feared for him, but which she confessed now might have been serious.

Lucy, her face slightly flushed from the heat of the rooms, her eyes still sparkling from the animated chat of a pleasant evening, was handing Sir Basil the candle she had lighted him, and offering her cheek to his paternal salute.

"Her features are certainly not so good as mine," soliloquized Maude, candidly appraising their respective advantages; "and I don't think her figure is; but what expression the child has, and how her mouth softens and her eyes sparkle as she speaks. I begin to think George must either be much less susceptible or much more sensible than I believed. I don't know, I'm sure, whether it's the one or the other, but in either case it's very lucky."

The truth was, although it was she who had warmed Lucy out of her chrysalis husk, it was only now and of a sudden the effect of the transformation burst upon her. Yet without *arrière pensée* she followed up Sir Basil's kiss with one of her own, which Lucy, not unaccustomed to these motiveless caresses on the part of the undemonstrative Maude, proceeded forthwith to repay with ample usury.

As for Hugh, he had stepped back into something like his old easy footing with them all. At least, he went and came as he pleased. Not so frequently, perhaps, as in the old times; but then these had changed in more ways than one. Now he

was a busy man, with a multiplicity of engagements on his hands, and endless calls on his time. When he made his appearance, Sir Basil always seemed glad to see him, although he welcomed him perhaps with more respect and less cordiality than he used to do. For Hugh was growing rich fast. He appeared in a very fair way to claim Miss Childersleigh's succession. But happen what might in regard to that, meantime he might enjoy most things that money could give him, — not the least of them the respect of the City and the world. The reputation of his connections at the west, with the quiet unassuming courtesy of manner that no success had spoiled, made him generally popular, and even the most conservative of the hereditary magnates of Lombard Street were inclined to except him from the contempt and dislike they lavished on their rivals of the rising school. Sir Basil had come to hear his kinsman's praises sung in his very *sanctum* at "Childersleigh's," and from lips to which even he listened with respect.

The great Lord Richborough himself, head of the mighty house of Gold, Mammon and Co., had condescended to make an exception in Mr. Childersleigh's favour in the general tirade he levelled at the rogues and fools who pretended to be answerable for an amount of capital as little at their call as the suns that might be circulating among the planets.

"I will say, Childersleigh, your nephew — eh, he's not your nephew? — well, that young relative of yours, must have a fair notion of business. Far too venturesome, of course, he is; but then, with all these new men, it comes to a question of hit or miss. I for one should not be surprised if he were to steer that concern of his — what is it they call it? — through the storm these fellows are brewing for us."

No wonder, then, Sir Basil began to feel hereditary reverence for the head of all the Childersleighs return again; although, as yet, a perpetual difficulty in identifying that half-mythical abstraction with this visible Hugh, who directed the offensive *Crédit Foncier* of Turkey, made his demeanour slightly vacillating.

The awkwardness created between Maude and Childersleigh by the passing burst of madness in the garden, seemed gradually to have worn itself away. The keenest eye would have traced nothing between them that meant anything more or less than simple friendship. Naturally he was made a subject of frequent conversation between the girls, and Maude spoke of him with a candid carelessness that must have disarmed

suspicion. To be sure, with a self-possessed temperament like hers, such indications are not conclusive; and she was not unlikely, in sheer defiance of a conscious weakness, to court a subject other girls would have shunned. Lucy, on her side, never could forget that Hugh had been the first of them all to offer his friendship; and the impression left, when sorrow had made her unusually susceptible to kindness, had been deepened by the delicacy of his subsequent conduct. The passing distrust, inspired by Mr. Hooker's warnings, had gone like the breath from a mirror. Still, strive as she would, perhaps because she strove, she never felt herself at home with him as with good-humoured Captain Childersleigh. Glorifying the strength that had won Hugh his easy triumphs, and the force that had changed the current of his life, she was awed and oppressed in his society by a sense of latent power. Even Maude, in her way, began to feel increased respect for the man who had developed unsuspected gifts, and he dazzled her as the brilliant architect of his golden fortunes. So the two girls, the one born to wealth, the other reared to poverty from the cradle, regarded him and his successes with not dissimilar feelings from their very opposite points of view. Many and warm were the arguments they had on a subject that seemed to have an interest for them both; and thus, somehow, Hugh and his fortunes were continually in their thoughts and on their tongues.

One day at dinner Purkiss, emptying his budget of City news, had to chronicle a fresh and extraordinary rise in the shares of the *Crédit Foncier* and *Mobilier* of Turkey. His Highness the Sultan, who was then building a new summer palace on the Bosphorus, a kiosk by the Sweet Waters of Asia, an Italian villa on the Princes' Islands, a pair of ironclads, a flotilla of gunboats, and a steam-yacht panelled in satin-wood and ivory, had been forced to make a fresh appearance on the European exchanges in search of money. Mr. Childersleigh's tact, it was rumoured, had succeeded in outmanœuvring competing capitalists, and securing the arrangement of the loan for his Company on exceptionally favourable terms. Purkiss told his tale with very mingled feelings. He had steadily increased his holdings in the Company, and the rise meant a handsome gain to him; but thinking of Hugh's much greater one, and of his growing fame to boot, he almost felt as if he would have consented to sacrifice it. Sir Basil, on the contrary, roused to honest admiration, gave the Governor great credit

for succeeding in what he knew must have been a very delicate operation.

The young ladies, from habitually listening to City talk, and being frequently pressed into reading City articles to Sir Basil, were tolerably at home in City matters. Naturally, then, when they found themselves alone, they took to discussing this exciting piece of news.

"How very little one knows of the people you think you know best," began Maude, reflectively. "Two years ago, who could have suspected Mr. Childersleigh of ever becoming what he is?"

"I should have thought one could never have taken Mr. Childersleigh for anything but a very able man."

"Able, yes; I always knew he could talk, and think too, when he chose to take the trouble. Every sensible man you meet can do the one and seems to do the other. What I mean to say is, who would have given him credit for powers that work so well after resting for a lifetime, and for the resolution to set them working just when it suited his purpose? Purkiss, for instance, has, I believe, the name of a good man of business, and he has always been practising that sort of thing; but only fancy Purkiss set to do what Mr. Childersleigh is doing!"

"Mr. Childersleigh, I am sure, has wonderful talents, and he has been wonderfully successful," said Lucy, shaking her pretty head sagely. "But for perseverance, I suspect when you once begin doing so well, the getting money becomes its own reward, and it is only too easy to go on with it."

"Why, Lucy, surely you would never call him a miser!" exclaimed Maude, looking at her in surprise.

"No, indeed, Maude, very far from that. He is generosity itself, as I have reason to know. But it does seem a pity that a man like him should sacrifice his talents, and the very prime of his life, to work like that."

"What a strange girl you are, Lucy. I'm sure you'd find few people to agree with you as to his not making the very most of his time. Why, look at it sentimentally as you please, surely it would be positive crime to throw away golden chances like his, to say nothing of resigning himself to lose the prize he is making such a fight for. To stop short now that he has felt his power, would be really returning his talents to their napkin; and then, after all, what can a poor man do for his fellow-creatures but shrug his shoulders and pity them in miserable helplessness. In another year or two Mr. Childersleigh will have made himself a fortune, and think of all the uses he may

put it to. Confess now for once you spoke thoughtlessly."

"I don't know, Maude; perhaps I did. Yet it does seem to me a man like that can't help devoting himself to work he does so well, till he comes to love it for its own sake, and then I think it almost a pity the work should not be more worthy of the man. Surely a heap of money, a little more or less, is a paltry object for Mr. Childersleigh to show as the fruits of his life's labour?"

"Why, what must you think, then, of my father, my brother, all of us?" demanded Maude, with some little irritation of manner.

"Oh, Maude, I'm sure you know I never meant that," said Lucy, blushing frightfully, and precipitating herself persistently on her friend, but with a guilty consciousness all the time that she had been speaking from the depths of her heart, and that the unflattering meaning Maude had attached to them, were the only construction her words could bear.

"Perhaps not," returned Maude, looking at her queerly. "At any rate I'm certain you did not mean anything but what was kind."

Then, as if she wished to laugh away the thoughts Lucy had suggested, she went on, "If you mean to grab up the root of all evil, you have a rich field to go to work in here, and before attacking Mr. Childersleigh, I should suggest your trying your hand on Purkiss."

"Don't laugh, Maude; I did feel what I said, although not as you chose to take it. I am not so very sentimental. I only wish I were a man myself."

"To preach down riches or to get them? Is it interest in your fellow-creatures or envy of them that makes you wish it, dear? I do believe Mr. Childersleigh's good luck excites and depresses you, and if you had the temptation before you to-morrow, you would go treading in his very steps."

"Perhaps I should try it, and I am sure I should fail, and be rightly served. But it is not Mr. Childersleigh's riches, but his activity that I envy. He promised to help me once: if he could only find me work to do, and then leave me to do it."

"What a very masculine character you must have. But, my dear Lucy, the transformation you sigh after being impossible, why don't you do the next best thing, and address yourself to the female apostles of woman's mission? You write a neat hand, and spell nicely, and are in every way respectable, and not unattractive. I dare say, with very little interest, you could find

a good place in—a telegraph office for example.”

“I know, Maude, you always will laugh when I talk of doing anything for myself,” responded Lucy, demurely; “but you know very well I can’t consent to remain burdening you all my life.”

“I don’t think there’s much likelihood of that, and for my own sake I’m very sorry for it. In the meantime, as you long for occupation, suppose you come and practise that duet I brought out this afternoon.”

Whatever the future might have in store for her, Lucy’s lines could hardly in the meantime have fallen in pleasanter places. Purkiss was there, it is true; but all mortal joys have their alloys, and no earthly Eden is without its centipedes, and earwigs, and other crawling things.

CHAPTER XV.

ULYSSES STOPS HIS EARS TO THE SIRENS.

THERE had been a great dinner at Hestercombe House, and Lady Hestercombe was receiving in the evening. It was to be the last before the family left town for the season—on that account, perhaps, a trifle less select than the gatherings in that exclusive mansion generally were. Lord Hestercombe was punctiliously particular as to never giving needless offence to acquaintances, and her ladyship, like the excellent wife she was, did all that lay in her power to further her lord’s wishes. She made a last careful review of her visiting-book before she closed it for the year, and many searchings of her memory before she left that to its summer repose. All whom they ought to be civil to, and had not, were bidden to this latest “at home;” although, after all, its society was anything but mixed. Lord Hestercombe was too scrupulous as to dropping acquaintanceships not to be cautious about forming them.

Hestercombe House stood in the centre of the Hestercombe City property—a vast mansion occupying the whole side of an fashionable square to the north of Oxford Street. Glooming behind its lofty walls of brick, it looked like a Sicilian convent, toned down to London tints by a century and a half of London smoke. Now the huge iron portals were flung back, and a blaze of gas-lamps cast its light on the grim façade, looking like an ugly woman in diamonds, the more forbidding for its adventitious splendour. As is so often the case, you would have been much misled had you judged of what was within by the outward seeming: and after dark, when you

shut out the view of the grim inclosures that caricatured gardens and shrubbery, the house was as cheerful as anything so spacious could be. In the times when it was built, there had been less reason for studying rigid economy of space, and to the Lord Rushbrook who reared it money had been of slight consequence. As with the interior of St. Peter’s, you only became aware of the dimensions of the hall when you came to measure yourself against its columns. You might have driven waggons up the easy slope of the staircases, and turned them comfortably on the landings; and the vast approaches would have dwarfed to paltriness any meaner suite of apartments than those they led to.

No Rushbrook had ever been a miser; none had ever been more of a prodigal than the present heir-apparent of the house. Some had been *virtuosi* of unimpeachable taste; and others had followed, according to their lights, what had become a traditional fashion of the family. The result was an unostentatiously lavish display of art-treasures, that distracted the gaze and diverted the attention of appreciative guests, and a general air of unaffected magnificence that impressed you without oppressing. At the hospitalities of Hestercombe House there was seldom much overcrowding; and if fair guests did leave breadths of dresses behind as memorials of their visits, the fault was generally their own. Even when the rooms were full, as they were to-night, the company was not constrained to seethe and stagnate, but could exhilarate itself with the flash and sparkle of change and movement. Congenial spirits, although hampered with solid forms, could draw together as they pleased, could flirt in comfort without being conspicuous; and in search of beauty, love, or adventure, you could thread the groups at will, without the *arrière pensée* of their closing to cut off your retreat, like so much warm drift-ice.

At this gathering, as it chanced, we meet a good many of our friends. Time had done its healing work with Hugh and Lord Hestercombe, and they stood once more on the old familiar terms. As Hugh had foreseen, the peer’s first disgust in finding that his nephew had become a trader, had warmed into resentment on learning his nephew had persuaded his only son to follow the example. *Que diable* was the business of the heir of the Rushbrooks on board a galley like that? But he was not a man to bear malice, and had at bottom a strong sense of justice. As it became clear to him that the step Hugh had taken, so far from being ill-advised, was really the best considered

he had ever made in his life, he began to forgive him. Moreover, he felt it quite out of the question letting any lasting cloud settle down between him and his son, and Rushbrook once restored to favour, reconciliation with Hugh followed as a matter of course. He compromised with his feelings by occasional flings at the business — flings which the younger men received with passive acquiescence, or turned off with a laugh. On the whole, after he had accustomed himself to the first unpleasantness, he was not sorry Rushbrook should pick up some ideas of business, while he was anything but blind to the respect with which the successful Governor began to be treated as an authority in financial questions by really influential men. Insensibly he came to take a pride in his scapegrace nephew, and to feel that good might grow out of evil, and he might live to do them credit yet.

"He has talent, that is certain. Every one calls him a clear-headed, ready speaker; he seems to twist the world round his fingers very much as he pleases; no man works harder, and yet he finds time somehow to spare for society. Why should he not turn to politics and make his mark in the country as he has in the City? With my interest and the name he is making for himself to start him, I really don't see why he should not begin at once, nor where he need to stop — 'Gad, he shall do it, he must.'"

Thus his lordship reasoned; but then he counted, in his enthusiasm, without his nephew's stubborn will and singleness of present purpose. Their many arguments ended much in the same way. Lord Hestercombe would be silenced only to return to the charge upon fresh provocation; but the intervals between his onslaughts grew longer as he became less hopeful of success. This especial evening, unexpected circumstances taking him by surprise, braced him to a fresh attempt on Hugh's ambition, and never did he come so near to having his way. When the gentlemen were leaving the dining-room, one of them whispered something in the ear of his host that made him linger behind for a *tele-à-tete*. The Duke of Dunstanburgh was a personage: a peer who, by virtue of his colossal fortune and family political traditions, had succeeded as of right to the great influence he exercised on the party then forming her Majesty's opposition, and who, had his energy been on a par with his talent, might have made himself autocratic in it. The Duke was a large landholder in South Wurzelschire, a district in which the Earl's properties and coal-mines gave him so large a stake and so legitimate an interest.

"Read that, Hestercombe," began his grace abruptly, handing his host a letter.

"Why, what the deuce? — impossible! — Crofton going to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and writing on the subject to your grace of all men in the world! Why, he's scarcely had time to get warm in his seat, since he fought it so hard and bought it so dear. You must forgive me, Dunstanburgh, but really I hardly know how to believe this."

"That I can understand; but you may rely upon it it's true all the same. Thereby hangs a tale, and an explanation. Crofton, you know, is the most eccentric of men, and, in his own opinion, one of the cleverest. He is clever, but, as I need not tell you, he overrates himself, and, above all, overvalues his special gift for legislating. This session he has brought in a dozen or two of bills, and his name has never been out of the orders for the day. Most of his pets were smothered in their infancy, not one of them came to anything, and he accuses Ministers, to whom he gave an independent support indeed, of having thrown him over. Of course he would not rat, but he was thoroughly disgusted with the House. He has honestly persuaded himself that the present Government are the bane of all enlightened lawgiving, and, of course, unworthy of all support. So he compromises with his conscience by letting me into the secret before his party. He's a connection of mine, you know. That's my theory, at least. He's just the man to argue himself into anything."

"I see he says he starts forthwith on a yachting voyage to the Malay Archipelago, leaving strict instructions that no sort of coercion is to be exercised on his tenantry."

"Yes. We know what that means. Well, with you and I pulling together, and first in the field, and the Crofton interest neutral at least, the seat is our own. They have no one in that side of the county to contest it, and by the time they fetch a man from somewhere else, they'll find they might just as well have spared themselves the trouble."

"That's true," responded Lord Hestercombe, meditatively, thinking what a rare opening this would have been for Hugh had he only been awakened to his true interests. But with the best will in the world, he could not persuade himself that Hugh would not refuse even this, and he felt that to name him uselessly would be tantamount to leaving the subsequent disposal of the seat to his noble friend. Lord Hestercombe, all law and statute to the contrary, was jealous of his election influence.

"Now," proceeded the Duke, "so sure

am I that we shall have no difficulty in agreeing on our man, that, to tell the truth, I've already named him in confidence to Bletchington, whom I chanced to run up against this afternoon, and Bletchington pledged himself most cordially to give him his own support, and answered for his brother-in-law as well."

Lord Hestercombe raised his eyebrows utterly puzzled. If his grace had acted without reference to him and so coolly, he was the last man to avow it.

The Duke remarked it all, smiled, and went on.

"The truth is, Hestercombe, before I had well read Crofton's letter, I jumped to the conclusion we could find no better member than your nephew. Mr. Childersleigh ought to be with us—we want men of position from the City. Gentlemen, I mean, who can speak and think too. Not the easy-going jackasses who, dropping their panniers of gold in the boroughs, come and prick their long ears in St. Stephen's, or, worse still, take to braying there. Mr. Childersleigh would do us service and credit both, or I'm much mistaken. Caldecott holds a number of shares in that Company of his, and swears by him as a future Chancellor of the Exchequer. So the seat is his; but the earlier he comes into the field after it the less trouble we shall have. If I could see him, or have his answer at once, it would be all the better. Nothing like doing things regularly, but we must not let the grass grow under our feet."

Seldom had Lord Hestercombe been plunged in a more profound quandary. When his grace had done speaking he was so deep in thought that he forgot to thank him. The Duke had been born and bred to the faith that wealth was a matter of course, a means but never an end. Holding political life to be the natural sphere for a man of talents' superfluous energy, he had assumed Childersleigh's assent, and would be very slow to understand his hesitation. Lord Hestercombe was grieved to think his nephew might injure himself in the opinion of a politician so influential, and might have yielded to the sore temptation of accepting warmly in his name, had he not felt that to do it would be to ring the death-knell of his wishes. But the silence was becoming embarrassing, and candour seemed the only way out of the dilemma. A proposal so flattering, made by a statesman with whom the gift of judging other men was supposed a second nature, might perhaps sway his nephew where nothing else would. So far his lordship was right. A message brought Hugh downstairs incontinent, and the Duke,

gracefully precluding with some remarks that meant far more from him than another man, curtly explained the circumstances, and repeated the proposal that showed his speech had been no empty compliment.

Hugh was flattered and troubled too. Since he began to take pleasure in action, the love of work had grown with its indulgence, and he felt he could never again be happy as an idle man. Hard as he toiled in his money-getting, he acknowledged there was something unsatisfying and ignoble in the ambition that limited itself to a race where the prizes were to the luckiest. Without his uncle's promptings, he had dreamed dreams, and no vague ones either, of a future to which the fortune he was striving for should only be a stepping-stone. Fortunate as he had been, in the very ease with which he had won success, he despised its fruits, and began to long for other struggles that would really task his latent powers. But then, above all, he prided himself on the steadfastness of purpose with which he was following his present aim. It had become matter of vanity with him that nothing should turn him out of his way until Miss Childersleigh's money was fairly won or lost.

It had cost him slight effort to put off Lord Hestercombe, because he knew he risked so little by letting the fruit hang that his lordship dangled before his eyes. Now the case was different, and when his grace of Dunstanburgh broached his unexpected proposal, he felt he was caught in the turn of a tide that might float him to fame or sweep him away from it. The Duke's countenance counted for much to any aspirant of his party, no matter how highly placed. The very semblance of undervaluing it might gravely cripple him. It clashed with all his later training wilfully to throw away a splendid chance, and in spite of him his chest heaved and his breath came short, as the bold idea flashed across his brain—might not he really be strong enough for one and the other?—well placed as he was, might he not persevere in his match with time, and even help himself to win it by rushing in at this new opening?

The Duke looked on complacently at his visible agitation and thought none the worse of his intended recruit for these signs of sensibility. Lord Hestercombe was surprised and hopeful. When Hugh showed it, he must be moved indeed.

"I sincerely congratulate you, Mr. Childersleigh. You will come very easily by a very comfortable seat. You have made your mark I understand as a speaker elsewhere, and a man who at once takes high

rank in the City and sits for a great county interest, speaks in the House, as I need hardly tell you, with very enviable weight. If we are in power again next session — and I for one do not see why we should not be — we shall have the Member for South Wurzelschire moving her Majesty's speech. Eh, Hestercombe?"

Lord Hestercombe, while listening to his friend, had kept his eye on his nephew, and his face had gradually clouded as he saw settling down on Hugh's features the look of melancholy determination he had come to know so well. The sudden shock of the offer might have shaken his resolutions for the moment, but, as he saw, they were already screwing themselves back fast in the old quarter. When Hugh did answer, he was quite himself again to all outward seeming.

"I need scarcely say how very grateful I feel to your grace."

His grace made a deprecatory motion of his hand.

"I should be in everyway unworthy of your flattering kindness, were I to meet it with anything but the most outspoken frankness. And the simple truth is, I am so flattered by your thinking of me in the circumstances, by your making me the offer at all, to say nothing of the terms in which you have been good enough to make it, that I have absolutely no choice but to refuse."

"Mr. Childersleigh!" ejaculated his grace, bending his brow slightly and doubting if he heard aright.

"Pray do not misunderstand me or suspect me of trifling with words, or indulging a levity that would be most unbecoming in any case, especially so now. I say nothing but the plain truth; and doing so, were it a matter of any consequence to your grace, I only show the very high value I set on the opinion you have been pleased to form of me."

"Well, sir?" threw in the Duke, relaxing a little and rather curious.

"My uncle may testify how often we have discussed this question of my entering on public life. Had I been his son he could not have pressed his assistance more warmly upon me. If I have always turned a deaf ear to his offers, he knows it was not because my heart did not go along with them. He can tell you I have always begged him to consider it an affair deferred, not declined."

Coming to his nephew's assistance, Lord Hestercombe nodded slightly in the affirmative.

"I do not know," Hugh continued, "whether I may prove to have any vocation

for public life; but assuredly I feel so strong an inclination for it, that I am loath to peril by precipitation what chances I may have."

"Pardon me, Mr. Childersleigh," interposed the Duke, with just the faintest intonation of a sneer, "but it seems to me any such hesitation is uncalled for. You cannot fairly tax yourself with precipitation."

"Not so far as my years go, certainly," returned Hugh, flushing a little; "but you misunderstand me. The simple fact is, I have set myself, as my uncle knows, a certain task to be performed in the next two years; hard enough it is in any case, even abandoning to it all my time and all my thought. If ever I enter Parliament it must be with enough of the one and the other at my command to do credit to those who interest themselves in me; and if I have somewhat exalted ideas about the paramount claims of politics on the man who embraces them, I am sure I need not fear the censure of the Duke of Dunstanburgh."

"Certainly not, Mr. Childersleigh; but I need scarcely remind you how many business men occupy seats in the House."

"The difference is, their fortunes are made while mine is making; nor did your grace, if I understand you aright, allude to them a minute ago in terms they need have much reason to be proud of."

The Duke received the home-thrust with a smile; and breaking ground, appealed again to Mr. Childersleigh's ambition with a patience that showed the importance he attached to awakening it. But he had learned to read character, and saw that for the moment all he might urge would go for nothing. The best thing to be done was to take it for granted that Hugh's present decision was not final; to insist on his taking time for reflection, and to trust to regrets and second thoughts to sap his resolutions. Where everything was so urgent, the very giving him the night was a flattering earnest of the distinction that might await him; and it was just possible he might be persuaded not to defer on a doubtful chance the brilliant certainty most ambitious men must have jumped at. Hugh would have had it taken for granted the question was disposed of, but on that point the Duke was firm, and said as he shook him warmly by the hand, —

"No, no, Mr. Childersleigh, take an older man's advice and always sleep when you can on an important resolution. I, for one, have often found the night bring me counsel. I wish you good evening, but I shall be glad to hear from you early to-morrow. Now, Hestercombe, I must run away

I made my excuses to Lady Hestercombe already."

The Duke did run away, if the dignified pace he was pleased to describe as running could be so called. While Lord Hestercombe drew his nephew out of the hall, where there was already a bustle of coming guests, the appealing look he addressed to Hugh was really touching from a man like him.

"You will think twice, Hugh, will you not, before refusing this offer Dunstanburgh makes us? It means a very great deal from him, let me tell you."

Hugh shook his head regretfully.

"So much I can easily promise you, but then I've thought it over so often before. If anything could have shaken me, be sure your wishes would have done it long ago."

"But this chance —"

"Tempted me, I own, but only for a moment. If I snatched it, tempting as it seems, it would be the dog in the fable over again — the sacrifice of the substance to the shadow."

"No shadow, Hugh, no shadow."

"At least, the other's a substance, and it would be a folly to risk losing it; and lose it I should to a certainty: man's capacity is limited, and I don't overrate mine. I've been face to face with poverty, and it fairly frightened me. I've no philosophy, as I

found, not a shred of it. You would fill your seat for Wurzelshire with a half-hearted politician, his heart hovering over the grave of his treasure, and his thoughts wandering away in the City. In a year I should be a failure, a disappointed man, remorseful at having laid the axe to my own prosperity. It's best waiting, after all, and believe me, I should do much better later were I even brought down to sitting for a metropolitan burgh or an Irish one. I've been perfectly candid, and I see you own the force of what I say. In prudence you could scarcely urge me, even as seats sell now, to give some hundred thousands for mine. I know I may trust your goodness to smoothe matters over with the Duke, and if any one can do it you can, for no man can appreciate a common-sense view of things better than he, when brought home to him by a man like you."

"Well, well, Hugh, we shall see about all that later, but think it over — think it over," rejoined Lord Hestercombe, still clinging to hopes in the face of conviction: perhaps, in his suppressed admiration of his nephew's successful energy, trusting that in very prudence he might come to a decision that would be rash in another man. "In the meantime we'll go upstairs."

WEEK DAY WORSHIP. — The Rev. C. F. Taver, of St. Peter's, Thanet, formerly tutor to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has, at the request of a member of the London Free and Open Church Association, given him permission to publish the following extract from one of his recent sermons. It is, amongst others, one of the objects of the Association to promote the opening of churches daily for private prayer, when they are not being used for public worship. "I hope and trust that the day is not far distant when our churches will be thrown open for the people's use, to whom they belong, not at service hours alone, but for convenient portions at least of every day, so that all, but specially the poor man, who in his cottage can so seldom find a quiet corner for meditation and prayer, may have free access to the 'house of prayer for all people,' where uninterrupted, he may worship, meditate and read his Bible in peace, pray for his sick child, for the reformation of his wayward son, the return of his erring daughter, for the deeds of his own soul, and where all around him will be suggestive of heavenly thoughts and

holy aspirations. Our people have been for ages practically shut out, for all but an hour or two of each week, from their own possession, from a great portion of that use, for which our churches were intended, and with a view to which they were constructed. We clergy meanwhile urge from the pulpit, and in our private monitions, the duty of private prayer, of frequent communion with our God in quiet and retirement; we tell our people to 'enter into their closet, and shut the door, and pray to their Father which seeth in secret;' but how are the overcrowded poor, specially in our towns, to do this? It is a practical impossibility with the greater part of our population. I repeat, then, I hope the day is coming when the open church will be restored to its rightful possessors; and I believe that, when the present habit of regarding churches as Sunday-service houses, or, worse still, as preaching houses, has been broken through, then the frequent use of our churches for private prayer, reading, and meditation will have a most beneficial effect on the religious character of the people."

From The Examiner.

CHATTERTON.*

Nearly a century has elapsed since Chatterton ended his brief career in solitude and despair, and Professor Wilson considers that a fitting time has now arrived for an appeal against the hasty judgment pronounced on the boy-poet by interested or vindictive contemporaries. Our author, indeed, acknowledges that it is too late to write a true life of Chatterton, because as Dr. Johnson observes, "Nobody can write the life of a man but one who has eat and drank, and lived in social intercourse with him." But Professor Wilson believes that Chatterton has been misjudged, and that the biographies hitherto written of him are not only imperfect but untrue, and he gives to the world this study of a life on which we now look back as on a precious inheritance which the eighteenth century wasted and flung aside. He has made excellent use of all the old materials capable of being turned to account, and has not forgotten to consult the "Manuscript Chattertoniana" of the late Mr. J. M. Gutch, Mr. Dix's "Life and Letters of the Poet," Professor Masson's "Story," and Dr. Maitland's "Essay." "Nothing extenuate," as Professor Wilson remarks, "was the rule with Chatterton's earliest editors and biographers, but they generally forgot the further precept, 'nor set down aught in malice;' and assuredly the latest of these in his 'Chatterton: an Essay,' has extenuated nothing that seemed calculated to deepen the shadows of the repulsive portraiture aimed at." Our author, on the other hand, while dealing tenderly, seeks to deal truthfully with the failings as well as the virtues of the boy; "bearing always in remembrance, what has too frequently been lost sight of, that he was but a boy;—a boy, and yet a poet of rare power." Professor Wilson devotes upwards of three hundred closely-printed pages to unravelling the tangled skein of his life, and has certainly produced the most complete, and, in our opinion, the fairest biography of the poet which has yet appeared. He always writes calmly and considerately; not with the impassioned energy of the essayist, or with the blind partiality of the friendly biographer, but rather with the judicial impartiality of the historian. He places the materials before us in a new light, so that we are the better enabled "to study the life of a posthumous child, the son of a poor widow, educated at a charity-school, and

buried in a pauper's grave when he was but seventeen." As we have pointed out before, the book before us is scarcely a biography in the proper sense of term; but it is, nevertheless, a most fascinating volume, dealing not only with the poet's personal history, but containing also elaborate analyses of his antique poems, his political satires, and prose works.

Born within the shadow of the ancient Church of St Mary's, Redcliffe, and passing the leisure hours of his early childhood amidst the remains of mediæval art which lie thickly scattered along the many-windowed avenues of its nave, it is not wonderful that Chatterton, with his precocious intellect, imbibed the hoar antiquity around him, and sought to reproduce that old past, with its priests, knights, and merchant princes. The imaginative boy seemed to live apart "in an olden world of ideal perfection." He loved to wander alone through the old Church, and make himself familiar with the altar-tombs of the Canynges, the quaint sculptures and antique characters engraven on the slabs and bosses dedicated to the Beauchamps and Montacutes, and other benefactors. In all probability, too, Chatterton's earliest endeavours at writing were rudely scrawled on old documents, engrossed in the Plantagenet period, abstracted from the muniment room of St Mary's. He was taught to read from an old black-letter Bible, and at once fell in love with the antique typography. At eight years of age "he was so eager for books that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him." His social qualities at this period of his life were remarkable in one naturally reticent, for he was thoroughly domestic in his tastes, and apparently frank and companionable:

His mother's anxiety was thenceforth occasioned by his intense devotion to study. He was now as grateful for instruction as he had formerly seemed indisposed for it. In the pursuit of knowledge he would neglect both food and sleep. At times he became so absorbed in his studies as to lose consciousness of all that was going on around him; and after being repeatedly addressed, would start and ask what they were talking about.

To such a child, the want of an intelligent father's oversight, or intercourse with some one able to sympathize in his desire for knowledge, and invite his confidence by responding to his curious inquisitiveness, was an irreparable loss. It is easy to see how, in its absence, the habit of secretiveness should grow upon him. He derived in some degree, from both father and mother, a passionate, impulsive nature, which was placed under slight restraint in childhood.

* *Chatterton: a Biographical Study.* By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of English History in University College, Toronto. Macmillan and Co.

According to his mother's description, he was sharp-tempered, but it was soon over. Yet he showed from the first a rare self-control in reference to food and drink, and always regarded tea as his favourite beverage. He also manifested a sensitive, kindly disposition; subject, indeed, to occasional outbursts of passion; but generous according to his means, always affectionate, and with peculiarly winning ways when he had an object to gain.

His delight was to lock himself up in his little attic, with his books, papers, and drawing materials. He appears to have had an intuitive taste for drawing, as for so much else that was strange for his years; and there also, before long, he is found with his parchments, "great piece of ochre in a brown pan, pounce bags full of charcoal dust, which he had from a Miss Sanger, a neighbour; also a bottle of black-lead powder, which they once took to clean the stove with, and made him very angry." So at length his mother carried off the key, lest he should hurt his health in this dusty old garret, from whence, after long abstinence, he was wont to emerge, begrimed with the traces of his antiquarian handicraft. Thus excluded from his favourite haunt, "he would come to Mrs. Edkins and kiss her cheek, and coax her to get it for him, using the most persuasive expressions to effect his end."

An intellect of rare power was thus prematurely manifesting itself, and groping in all available directions, with no other guidance for its development than such as a simple, loving mother could supply. With anxious wonder she puzzled over the strange ways of the boy; perplexed by her own incapacity, and watching his wayward doings, much as we may fancy the foster-hen when her brood of ducklings takes to water, in spite of her despairing remonstrances. Doubtless the poor widow exerted herself to procure for him access to the best instruction within her reach; and so we find him, in his eighth year, elected on the foundation of Colston's Charity, situated at St. Austin's Back, on the site of the dissolved house of Friars' Carmelites: the Blue School of Bristol.

The chapters which Professor Wilson devotes to Colston's Hospital, the De Bergham Pedigree, and the Poet's Bristol patrons and friends are all thoroughly interesting and readable, and throw much light upon his occupations and studies at this time. It is noticeable in connection with the Rowley poems that Chatterton, while yet a school-boy, was very fond of books on history and divinity. The elder poets, too, were lovingly studied, and Chaucer was his especial favourite. His early poems show an acquaintance with Barbour's "Bruce," and "Piers Ploughman," and such old historical writings as Hall, Hollingshed, Camden, and Stowe. It is evident, too, that at a later period he was familiar with Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Cowley, Gray,

and Pope; while Churchill appears to have been his model as a satirist. Whatever may have been the exact date of the composition of the earliest Rowley poems, there is no doubt that Mr. George Catcott received from the poet's own hands when only fifteen years of age, the "Bristowe Tragedie," the "Epitaph on Robert Canynge," the "Songe to Ælla," and the "Battle of Hastings." We fear that ordinary readers attach too little importance to these antique imitations, and are too impatient of the affected archaisms to discover the rich vein of romance and true poetry which lie concealed there. And yet it is by these that his position as a poet must be determined, and not by the satirical and other pieces which he wrote a year or two later in modern English. We indeed are so impressed with the vigour of impersonation, the sustained imaginative power, and above all the poetic picturing which abound in the Rowley series, that we entirely agree with Warton, that "Chatterton was a prodigy of genius, and would have proved the first of English poets, had he reached a mature age." Professor Wilson has taken the trouble to modernize the spelling of the poems which he quotes, and frequently replaces the coined or obsolete words by Chatterton's own equivalents. We shall venture to quote a few of the verses he has selected in order that the many beauties of these poems may be seen without trouble or study. Here are the opening verses of that fine ballad the "Bristowe Tragedie," which Horace Walpole pronounced dull and dismal. The simple but effective picturing of the dawn, many poets of to-day might study with profit:

The feathered songster, chanticleer,
Had wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn.

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the grey;
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

Or take the opening lines of the spirited lyric entitled the "Songe to Ælla:

Oh thou, or what remains of thee,
Ælla, the darling of futurity,
Let this, my song, bold as thy courage be,
As everlasting to posterity!

When Dacia's sons, whose hair of blood-red hue,
Like kingcups bursting with the morning dew,
Arranged in drear array,
Upon the lethal day

Spread far and wide on Watchet's shore:
Then didst thou furious stand,
And by thy valiant hand
Besprenged all the meads with gore.

And, lastly, we will quote two verses, of the "Battle of Hastings," where the old poet-priest is supposed to be dwelling on the charms of Adhelm's Saxon bride:

White as the chalky cliffs of Britain's isle,
Red as the highest coloured Gallie wine,
Gay as all nature at the morning smile:
Those hues with pleasance on her lips
combine,
Her lips more red than summer evening
skynne,
Or Phœbus rising in a frosty morn;
Her breast more white than snow in fields
that lye,
Or lily lambs that never have been shorn:
Swelling like bubbles in a boiling well
Or new-burst brooklets gently whispering in the
dell.

Brown as the filbert dropping from the shell,
Brown as the nappy ale at Hocktide game,
So brown the crooked rings that featly fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Grey as the morn before the ruddy flame
Of Phœbus' chariot rolling thro' the sky;
Grey as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made
tame:
So grey appear'd her featly sparkling eye;
Those eyne that did oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm, valiant man, the virtues' dooms-
day book.

Professor Wilson points to the "unity running through nearly all Chatterton's antique poems, as parts of that romance which he had created for himself, and in which he had dwelt apart from early childhood:"

It is easy to perceive how Chatterton not only thought more naturally when, under the influence of a high poetic fervour, the modern world was shut out from his view; but that he moved with greater ease in the language ascribed to the antique period. Hence, whenever the strong impulses of poetic inspiration possessed him, he reverted to that world of his fancy's creation, and thought and wrote in a pure idealism worthy of the fit audience of poets, artists, and patrons of letters, with which his imagination had peopled the old Rudde House of Bristowe in the days of Edward IV.

The poems thus produced have been amply illustrated in previous chapters. They abound in passages as worthy of a place among the select beauties of English poetry as many of the most popular extracts from Coleridge, Scott, or Byron; and constitute a unique chapter in the literature of that eighteenth century. Pope belongs altogether to the first half of the century, and died eight years before the birth of Chatterton; but Gray, Akenside, Churchill, Goldsmith, and Cowper, were all his contemporaries. Col-

lins died when Chatterton was in his fifth year; Burns was not born till his eighth. In that little group of true poets, who, each with distinct individuality of his own, succeeded to the place which the imitators of Pope failed to occupy, Chatterton takes an honorable place; while contributing the charm of mystery to his share in the literature of the period which intervenes between the age of Queen Anne and the wonderful outbursts of genius pertaining to the era of the French Revolution.

It is vain to speculate on what so proud, impetuous, ungovernable a spirit, involved in such moral perplexities, might have accomplished in mature years. Yet this cannot be overlooked, that though it is easy to detect inequalities and imperfections enough in the best of his antique poems; lines of meagre thought; stanzas eked out with redundant epithets; and, still more, characters individualized with only a boy's knowledge of the springs of human action: still the productions, as a whole, are not irregular flashes of premature genius. They form parts of one consistent whole, the unity of which is never sacrificed.

We can only trace in outline the personal history of Chatterton, from the time he left the Bristol Blue-Coat School to his death in Brooke Street, Holborn. On the 1st of July, 1767, we find that he was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, a Bristol Attorney, to learn the art of a scrivener. But Chatterton's proud spirit rebelled against the irksome tasks imposed upon him, and the uncongenial relations of master and clerk, and soon his indentures were cancelled, and he was once more free. On the 15th of April, 1770, the adventurous boy entered London in high spirits, "confident of winning a foremost place in the republic of letters." He had already sent some contributions to the London press, and hoped to obtain permanent employment. We need not detail the miseries and disappointments of the next four months. He sent many pieces, political satires, poems, and essays to the publishers and journals. Some were accepted and others returned, but no remuneration was obtained:

From all this we can form some idea of the amount and variety of literary work accomplished by a youth of seventeen, during four months' sojourn amid the distracting novelties and temptations of London. Much of it was mere task-work; but indications are not wanting to show that even then, amid all the exactions which necessity imposed on him, the old inspiration revived; and he lived and wrote once more as the poet-monk of an elder and nobler line. The resources of his brain seemed inexhaustible. But such mental strain, followed as it was by disappointment, and utter failure even in the poor return for which so much of it

had been undertaken, may amply account for the despondency which ended in despair.

And then the gloomy night began to gather round the ill-fated Bristol boy. At last a ray of hope appeared; he was promised the appointment of surgeon's mate if he could obtain the needful certificate. He wrote to a Bristol friend for it, and explained his utter destitution. But the testimonial was refused, and was accompanied by no other proffered aid. Thus was he left to perish alone in the vast solitude of London, bankrupt alike in money and in hope. In his last letter to Mr. George Catcott, the melancholy confession occurs, "Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity. I request them not for I am no Christian." His pride, his "native unconquerable pride" supports him in his final resolution. Despairing of all earthly hope, he embraces the philosophic creed of the

eighteenth century, fondly hoping that death is the sleep that knows no waking. He retires to his dismal garret, and maddened by the sense of failure and of wrong, collects his fragments of prose and verse, tears them into pieces, swallows the poison, and tempestuously plunges into eternity:

His daring hand unstrung the lyre.

"Woe be to the youthful poet," says Southey, "who sets out upon his pilgrimage to the Temple of Fame, with nothing but hope for his viaticum! There is the Slough of Despond, and the Hill of Difficulty, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death upon the way." We have been able to do but scant justice to the volume before us; we can only recommend it to all who are interested in the sadly tragic fate of the boy-poet, or in the literary treasures which he left behind him.

HINTS TO WEARERS OF KID GLOVES.—It is not generally known, or does not appear to be known, even by those who wear kids almost exclusively, that the durability and set of these articles depend very much upon how they are put on the first time. Two pairs may be taken from one box, of exactly the same cut and quality, and by giving different treatment when first putting the hands into them, one pair will be made to set much better, and to wear doubly, or nearly that length of time longer than the other. When purchasing gloves, people are usually in too much of a hurry; they carelessly put them on, and let them go in that way then, thinking to do the work more completely at another time. When this is the case a person is sure to meet with disappointment, for as the glove is made to fit the hand the first time it is worn so it will fit ever after, and no amount of effort will make a satisfactory change. Never allow a stretcher to be used for the gloves will not be likely to fit as well for it. All of the expansion should be made by the hands; if the kids are so small as to require the aid of a stretcher, they should not be purchased, as they will prove too small for durability, comfort or beauty. When selecting gloves, choose those with fingers to correspond with your own in length; take time to put them on, working in the fingers first, until ends meet ends, then put in the thumb, and smooth them down until they are made to fit nicely. A glove that sets well will usually wear well, at least, will wear better than one of the same kind that does not fit well. When the ends of the fingers do not come down right, or when they are so long as to form wrinkles upon the sides of the fingers, they will chafe out easily;

where the stretcher has to be used to make the fingers large enough, the body part will be so small as to cramp the hand so that it cannot be shut without bursting the seams of the kids. Some recommend putting new kid gloves into a damp cloth before they are put on, and allowing them to remain until moistened. With this treatment they can be put on much easier than otherwise, and will fit very nicely until they get dry, but on second wearing there will be an unnatural harshness about them, wrinkling in spots, and they will not set so perfectly as at first. I have tried the damping process, and do not approve of it.

Canadian Journal of Commerce.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.—The first of a series of autographic similes, by the photolithographic process, has been just issued. It contains Robert Burns's Masterpiece, "Tam o' Shanter," and also his "Lament of Mary Queen o' Scots." They are reproduced with absolute and, in fact, inevitable fidelity, for the photographic part of the business is not more exact than the lithographic process which succeeds it, and the result is an exact and reliable facsimile, the size of the original MS., in ink of the same colour, and on paper as nearly like it as the improved manufacture of the present day will permit. Hosts of Scotchmen who pride themselves on being able to recite without a verbal error this wondrous "tale," will be pleased to see a reproduction only less interesting than the original itself. Burns wrote a fine, manly, clear hand.

From The Spectator.

FARADAY.*

MATERIALS for a picture of Faraday as a man and as a philosopher exist, but the picture itself has not yet been composed. Dr. Tyndall has, indeed, given us in a compact and attractive form an epitome of the chief discoveries of Faraday, and has spoken in sympathetic and appreciative terms of the force and beauty of his character. Dr. Bence Jones, too, has faithfully edited a large number of his letters, together with numerous extracts from his journals, notebooks, and published papers. From these two works, after much curtailment of the latter, a volume might be prepared which should present a complete and continuous narrative of Faraday's life and labours. But although Dr. Bence Jones's book must be looked upon as rather tedious and fragmentary, it possesses the great merit of being an ample storehouse of facts and of Faraday's own expressions and views. We will endeavour to trace in the briefest possible outline some incidents in the career and some features of the character and powers of one of the greatest discoverers of this or any age.

Our knowledge of the ancestry of Faraday is meagre. His great-grandfather appears to have been one "Richard Faraday," of Keasden, near Clapham, Yorkshire, a "stonemason, tiler, and Separatist." Most of his descendants occupied humble positions — one of his grandsons, James Faraday, was a blacksmith. Of this James, the third child, born in 1791, was Michael Faraday. He was first of all a newspaper-boy, and then apprentice to a book-binder.

He not only bound books, but read them. Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations in Chemistry* and the articles on electricity in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* gave him some knowledge of the facts of natural science, and stimulated him to further acquisition by reading, by discussion, and above all, by experiment. Faraday's elder brother helped him to learn, by paying for his admission to the scientific lectures of a Mr. Tatum. Faraday tried, as far as his few spare pence allowed him, to construct little pieces of philosophical apparatus for himself, and to repeat the experiments he had witnessed. He began a scientific commonplace book, which he called "The Philosophical Miscellany," and also a corre-

spondence with one Benjamin Abbott, a Quaker clerk. This correspondence is printed almost at full length by Dr. Bence Jones. It gives many interesting glimpses of Faraday's life, and many characteristic traits of his manner and mode of thought. It is full of sound sense and good advice, and shows a propriety of diction and a command of language which prove how this poor but noble apprentice boy of twenty had magnified his opportunities, how minutely and thoroughly he had observed, and how much he had thought. These letters are however, a little wearisome to read, in spite of the circumstances under which they were written and the subsequent career of the writer. Here and there the childlike simplicity and truthfulness of Faraday and his playfulness of spirit lend a special charm to these letters and journals, — as, for instance, when he begins a letter, "Tuesday morning, half-past six o'clock, and a fine morning," or wishes "to purchase, at a cheap rate, some of our modern gent's spare hours, nay, days;" and thinks "it would be a good bargain both for them and me." Again, on one occasion, when he received a letter concerning some new experiment, he says he was paper-hanging at the time, and such a change of thought occurred, such "a concussion, confusion, conglomeration, that away went clothes, shears, paper, paste, and brush." Faraday tried hard to escape from the house where his spirit was in bondage. He wrote to Sir Joseph Banks with no result, but was kindly treated by Sir Humphry Davy, to whom he had been introduced by Mr. Dance, a member of the Royal Institution. Faraday easily convinced Davy not only of his industry and zeal, but to some extent, at all events, of his powers; and Davy, though he told the bookbinder's journeyman that "Science was a harsh mistress, and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewarded her votaries," found Faraday ready, after all, to accept the post of his assistant.

Faraday's career at the Royal Institution began on an allowance of 25s. a week, with two rooms at the top of the house. He was assistant to a great chemist who had made but five years before the most brilliant discovery of the day, namely, that of the metallic bases of the alkalis. Faraday helped Davy, and he also worked on his own account. He was faithful, laborious, and happy. Then he travelled on the Continent for more than a year with Davy. Together they examined the newly discovered iodine at Paris, and made the acquaintance of Ampère, Clément, and Desormes. While at Genoa they experimented on the electric

* 1. *The Life and Letters of Faraday*. By Dr. Bence Jones, Secretary to the Royal Institution. London: Longmans. 1870.

2. *Faraday as a Discoverer*. By J. Tyndall 2nd Edition. Longmans. 1870.

torpedo, and at Florence they burnt diamonds with the Grand Duke's lens. A scientific tour so full of noteworthy incident and discoveries seems strange to the chemists of to-day. But trained chemists were rare then, and many a substance was waiting to be identified, many a phenomenon waiting to be explained by the singular penetration of Sir Humphry Davy. Faraday's tour was not altogether pleasant, however. Lady Davy had a temper, and showed it; while on one occasion Sir Humphry himself was snobbish enough to object to sitting down at the table of *De la Rive* with Faraday, who had kindly undertaken, for a time, some of the duties of a valet. Faraday, after all, learnt much from his tour, studied French and Italian, and seems to have enjoyed the novelty of scene and situation. He gives an amusing description of the native pigs at Drieux. "You judge them," he says, "to be greyhounds in the distance, but when you approach them you are compelled to acknowledge them to be pigs." He kills quails on the Geneva plains, pulls trout and grayling from the Rhône, and goes in a domino to a mask ball.

On his return to England, Faraday resumed his position at the Royal Institution. When about twenty-three, he began lecturing and writing. He had long known how to speak and lecture, and his views on this subject were fully and admirably expressed in a letter to his friend Abbott, written when Faraday was only twenty-one. We must not linger on this period of his career, since it was not as assistant to a chemist nor as a chemist that his great discoveries and great reputation were made. When Faraday was forty, his real period of work arrived with the commencement of his electrical researches. Ten years before this he had married "Sarah, the third daughter of Mr. Barnard, of Paternoster Row, an elder of the Sandemanian Church." In his love-making he showed himself tender and true, and we have ample reason to know that his married life was altogether happy. His pleasures were few and simple: he could unbend himself in his home in kindly sympathy with the young, or sprightly conversation with select friends of maturer years. But nothing abated his zeal for original work, and, with occasional rests, for thirty years longer he questioned Nature with perseverance, adroitness, and success. Faraday delighted in experiment. An old experiment was to him very often a spring of new knowledge. His imaginative faculty was very strong, though the mathematical side of his mind was scarcely developed at all. He imagined and foresaw, and then

a series of exquisitely devised experiments brought his speculations to the test. His greatest discoveries were those of magneto-electricity and the influence of magnetism on light. But he made other laborious researches, and numerous discoveries both in chemistry and physics. Some of them are already fruitful in practical applications of the first importance. He gave information continually to all who asked him. Amongst the letters he received and answered was one from the present Emperor of the French, written from the fortress of Ham on May 23, 1843, in which the Prince characteristically enough asks the philosopher whether a spark under water could be made to set fire to powder!

Now and then Faraday overworked himself, and was obliged to leave his laboratory and seek rest in the country. Here the dormant poetry of his soul came out. The grander and more active phenomena of nature offered a special delight to him. His accounts of storms on Cader Idris and the lake of Thun are at once eloquent and truthful. He loved animals, and the notes on their ways and intelligence recorded in his journals of tours are touched with peculiar tenderness.

Faraday's grand discoveries were the chief events in his life. He was engaged in far fewer disputes than most scientific men. Davy became, indeed, jealous of him, and opposed his election into the Royal Society; an unjust charge of acting unfairly towards Wollaston was made against him; and he was insulted by Lord Melbourne in the matter of a pension. But his character and conduct were above reproach, and he won from all ranks and countries esteem as well as renown. Towards the close of his life his memory began to fail, and he resigned in 1861, when seventy years of age, a part of his duties at the Royal Institution. His letter is given by Dr. Bence Jones, and shows very fully Faraday's appreciation of the consideration he had received, and his intense desire to do what was right. In 1865 he spoke of himself as "just waiting." He died peacefully, August 25, 1867, in his seventy-sixth year. He desired to be buried "in the simplest earthly place," and to have "a gravestone of the most ordinary kind, and a plain, simple funeral, attended by none but his relations."

Tyndall tells us how Faraday showed him one day the bench where he worked as a bookbinder's apprentice; where he played at marbles in Spanish Place, and "minded" his little sister in Manchester Square. Dr. Bence Jones gives us views of Jacob's Well Mews and Mr. Riebau's shop in Blandford

Street, both early homes of Faraday. The inevitable relic-worship has begun.

We cannot pass over in silence the religious life of a man like Faraday. When he was fifty-three, he wrote, "There is no philosophy in my religion. I am of a very small and despised sect of Christians, known, if known at all, as Sandemanians." Science and religion were said by Faraday to be parallels; they never touched. He refused to bring to bear upon the highest things those mental operations which he delighted to apply to very high things. In religion, he neither investigated nor reasoned. He inherited the peculiar and simple High Calvinism of the followers of Glass and Sandeman, and he kept his faith to the end. His sect was founded by two Scotch Presbyterians early in the last century. He preached as an elder of his small Church. The present reviewer found out the dull and ugly Sandemanian meeting-house, in a court behind the Barbican, and heard the brilliant and philosophical lecturer preach. He complained (this was fifteen years after his first election as an elder) that his memory was failing; he spoke earnestly and quietly, but without a tithe of that real power with which he, two days before, had lectured on science. Texts were strung together, but they often had little or no connection; while the doctrines

which were enunciated were backed by quotations not always correctly given or thoroughly understood. The discourse was in fact pious but unintelligent. The whole service was very wearisome, and the attention of the small congregation languid in the extreme. The ordinary members of it must have fidgeted a good deal under their ministers, for the high box-pews were worn into great holes below by the feet of generations of impatient listeners! A service conducted by eight ministers, five in a lower pulpit, and three in an upper, and consisting of several long Scotch psalms, long Scripture readings, long prayers, and a long sermon, is thus evidently not calculated to rivet the attention even of the followers of Glass and Sandeman.

However curious and unintelligent his form of faith and his convictions as to its origin and place may seem, Faraday did, after all, carry his religion into his daily life, and even, though unconsciously, into his philosophy. He was honest, manly, noble; full of tender kindness and care; he pressed every power of his intellect and every affection of his soul into the service of the God of nature and of man, and it is rightly said of him that "not half his greatness was incorporate with his science, for science could not reveal the bravery and delicacy of his heart."

DISCOVERY OF MOABITISH ANTIQUITIES.—A letter from Jerusalem, published in the French *Journal Officiel*, gives the following account of a remarkable archaeological discovery made by M. Clermont Ganneau, dragoman to the Consulate of France in that city. The object is "a great block of basalt found to the eastward of the Dead Sea, in the territory of the ancient Moabites. Upon this block is engraved an inscription some thirty lines in length, in Phœnician characters, commencing with these words, 'I, Mesa, son of Chamos.' Mesa was a Moabitish King, who is mentioned in the Bible, and contemporary with the prophet Elisha, with Jehosaphat, King of Judah, and Ahab, Ochozias, Joram, kings of Israel. The 3d and 4th chapters of the Second Book of Kings give a detailed recital of the campaign undertaken in concert by Joram and Jehosaphat against Mesa, king of Moab. The inscription upon the stone also refers to the struggle of Mesa against the king of Israel, and enumerates the towns built and the temples erected by Mesa, and dedicated by him to the national deity of the Moabites—Chamos.

"The age of this monument is determined by the agreement of its statements with Jewish

history. It dates nine centuries before the Christian era, and is nearly a century later than the reign of Solomon. It is nearly two centuries earlier than the famous sarcophagus of Echmounazar, king of Sidon. The Phœnician characters of the inscription present some archaic features not to be found in the same degree in any of the Phœnician monuments hitherto known. The inscription, however, is decipherable with almost absolute certainty, as each word is separated by a point, and all the sentences are divided by vertical lines. The language is, with some slight orthographic variations, pure Hebrew. This valuable inscription, which enables us to bring a document contemporary with the events to which it refers into relation with the historical recitals of the Bible, has been forwarded by M. Clermont Ganneau to the Académie des Inscriptions, together with a dissertation which will be immediately published."

GARIBALDI'S work, "The Rule of the Monk," is to be published early in February. It is to appear in Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, and Dutch, as well as in English.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
WINTERS IN THE SOUTH.

So far as we control our own fates, our lives are games of chance, where luck counts for much more than skill. To speak with more reverent accuracy, propose as we may, Providence confirms or overrides our arrangements. We are alarmed about our health and puzzled as to the surest way of prolonging our valuable lives. We seek medical advice in ugly symptoms, bronchial and pulmonary; we enter on a course of consultations and fees, stethoscopicappings and ominous headshakings. No serious harm as yet, but matters may easily become grave; everything depends on care, precautionary measures, and wise counsels. Climate is of the first importance — climate and an equable temperature. The November fogs of England are only less fatal than its March winds, and judgment goes forth sharp and peremptory for a six months' exile. You are under orders for the South, and for the first time in your life become fully alive to your patriotic fondness for your native soil. If you are obviously travelling by express train to the grave, with your arrival at the journey's end only a question of months or years, custom enjoins your breaking the journey at Madeira or some such established halting-place of the moribund; but if you are merely booked by an ordinary one that seems likely under certain circumstances to change itself, to your detriment, into a special, then your judge is lenient or indifferent. So long as you make your way to the south of a given latitude, you travel with a roving commission, and a permission to select your own quarters anywhere from Cadiz to Cairo, from Cannes to the Cape. To the minds of the untravelled, and, to judge by the orders they give, of most doctors, the South is a spell to conjure back health and scare disease; its air healthiest — anywhere, or anyhow, a sort of atmospheric Bethesda infallible to cure. It does not take a modern Hippocrates to tell you that one sort of atmosphere must be better than another for diseased lungs; although the laity may well stand staggered between the theories that prescribe the snows of the Alps and the sands of the Deserts. But what you do want is what you seldom find — a scientific analysis of the relative value of different climates, or at least its results embodied in the prescription you pay for. With regard to that, our stay-at-home doctors, who seldom give themselves a winter holiday, move along dozily in the old grooves and preach the antiquated traditions. If you appeal to them pointblank for special directions, they

name some familiar name; but when you ask why the place that bears it should be specially beneficial to your particular case, they can give nothing but the vaguest reasons for the faith that is in them. The medical men who do know the South, and reside there, have, generally speaking, limited their experiences to a single district, each swearing through thick and thin by the place he has selected to live by; and you hesitate naturally about consulting evidently interested witnesses. They may be honest; but they are probably ill-informed, and almost assuredly prejudiced. Talking of that same luck in life we alluded to in setting out, it is extraordinary how much it does for towns as well as people. What else has given Nice its hold on the fancies of invalids and their doctors, and filled its hotels and cemeteries? One instant you are sweltering in the sun, the next the cold gusts whistling down through the snowy Alps are cutting you like razor-blades. If you turn out for the short strolls that are within the compass of an invalid's weakness, you have to beat the city flags or struggle up-hill between cold damp vineyard walls. As for Cannes, so rapidly becoming fashionable, opinions are mere matters of taste, although there are far more attractive places in the Cornice, and its thriving native population have every reason to bless the memory of Lord Brougham. And what shall we say of Mentone, except that it has a lovely variety of walks, simmering in the corner of its hot bay, sapping the strength even of invalids, and wrecking the constitutions of the healthy? while San Remo, farther on, with an air at once soft and bracing, is only slowly struggling into name by sheer force of merit. There a tranquil mind is at least as important to an invalid as a soothing one for you, and if your doctor cannot be expected to weigh the question of relative expense, you should never forget that it is one not to be overlooked by yourself. The Cornice is new, and one can reach it in a comparatively economical way, but at Cannes and Nice the expenses of living are extravagant, and, looking to the prices of the country, simply monstrous. You pay indirectly in a thousand ways for the privilege of an English church, an English chemist, and an Anglo-Italian warehouse — all very good things in their way, but which the poor man may buy too dear. If you use a donkey much, his hire pays his fee simple in a month; and the carriages, so cheap elsewhere in Italy, are about as dear as Roman ones in Carnival time. There is a charm, doubtless, in staring and being stared at by your country people; but any-

thing these Italian sanatoria offer in the way of society is a delusion and a snare. Hospitalities limit themselves to tea-parties; dissipation, to dummy whist for half-franc points.

Might it not repay one to try for once change of scene as well as of climate, and to leave English towns for foreign ones? Spanish cities are worth a visit, for instance. Some few stragglers find their way to the two hotels of Malaga, but with the neighbouring Granada to take refuge in when the glare from the white mountains behind falls too hot on the charming Alameda, it is one of the pleasantest winter quarters in the world, and ought to tempt crowds. The climate of Valencia is proverbial, only excelled by that of Palma; and steamers bring the Balearic Isles, with their magnificent scenery and splendid sea breezes, quite into the world. The Mediterranean isles are all delightful in their way and marvellously healthy — Sicily, Corsica, Capri, Ischia — and there are excellent quarters in some of them, passable ones in all, while limited as the accommodation is, it is yet amply sufficient for the few who go to seek it. At present the invalid, making up his mind at the critical point of his disease, puts his hand into a lottery. He may draw a prize, and pass a placid winter, body and mind, and come home cured; or he may spend a fatal one in an unsuitable climate, paid for at ruinous expense.

There is the formidable journey, which most people tacitly ignore before they make it. Cross France, and you learn to think more leniently of our own much-abused railway system, and to appreciate justly the courtesy and consideration of French officials. Unless you pay a fabulous sum for an invalid travelling-carriage, you have to wait on wooden benches in a draughty hall while tickets are being taken and luggage weighed: you are borne in a rush through long passages and narrow doors into a waiting-room, where you have to scramble for a seat among the piles of bags and wraps heaped on the sofas by the earlier arrivals. When the doors on the platform are flung open, you have to fight your way to the front, and make the running to the distant carriages heavily weighted with packages. If you are driven to the wall and left last in the race, as you naturally are, being an invalid, you are of course separated from your party, and have to find a stray seat for yourself where you can. There you are planted in the middle of the compartment, with no means of putting up your feet or changing your attitude. The windows are beyond your control,

small chance of a Frenchman listening to your wishes, and you are chilled or stifled according to the tastes or whims of your companions — matter of luck again. You shrink from breaking the horrible journey at Lyons or Dijon, because you know the perilous sufferings of the day must be renewed on the morrow if you do. Even if you are a tolerable sailor, and choose the circuitous route by sea, it becomes more matter of luck than ever, and tempestuous weather, with the deadlights made fast, to the exclusion of all air, may inflict on you the horrors of the middle passage, perhaps bring you to a standstill for a week, while you are rocked in the cradle of the Biscay waves. There ought to be tonic and balm in southern air indeed to counterbalance the consequences of certainties or risks like these.

But, finally, the chief feature of all in your arrangements is absolutely beyond your own control or your doctor's prevision. You may have a "good" winter or a bad one, like this. In the event of the latter unlucky contingency, it must be said the better established winter quarters have a distinct advantage, inasmuch as their houses are generally built with an eye to English wants, and consequently better provided with fire-places. But, after all, this is merely a question of degree. The very best Southern houses would be pronounced exquisitely uncomfortable in a cold climate; their most substantial architecture, massive as the old walls may sometimes be, is as ill-secured against the elements as the terraces run up by insolvent builders in our poorer suburbs. A very moderate cold in the South lands you between two stools: you have left solid walls, tight-fitting window-sashes, and blazing Wallsend fires behind you, and you have come in for cloud and storm instead of the calm and sunshine you fondly dreamed of. You cower over a wood-fire, sputtering with damp logs hard to light, continually going out, and impossible to fan into a permanent blaze. If your circle is a large one, some of its members must freeze, for the only way of warming oneself is literally to do as the Scotch say, and "sit into the fire;" and then, after all, you are only overdone on one side, while the other feels all the colder. You have from three doors to half-a-dozen in your sitting-room, according to its size, and the winds whistling under them from all points of the compass meet to play in the middle, and roll up into a ball the patch of carpet from the cold tile floor. The breezes that come in by the doors go out by the windows, which rattle like castanets out of

time. The feeling of dismal desolation that strikes to your heart, with its accompanying material chill, when you retire to your fireless bed-room, is only to be surpassed by that with which you awake to the long miseries of a new day, look out on the rain and sleet beating on your window-panes and trickling in on your floor, and regard ruefully your once-loved bath. Invalid as you are, you are deprived at once of the means of procuring yourself natural or artificial heat. You shiver in piles of clothes, while like an Arctic voyager your skin crackles and your hair frizzles with the constant cold. You are cut off from the mental resources that would have cheered and occupied you in your comfortable home in England. The snow has stopped the posts somewhere — at any rate your papers have not come to hand. You have finished the

lighter literature you brought with you: you turn away sickening, in your morbid state of mind, from the slow solid reading you brought to fall back upon; you are reduced to odd volumes of the rubbish shot out three years before from English provincial circulating libraries. By-and-by, in spring, the sky may clear, the sun may shine out as if nothing had happened, or asking you to let bygones be bygones. But it is too late. What man, trembling on the brink of grave disease, but must be precipitated into it by the treatment you have been subjected to? The doctor and you may apportion the blame between you, or you may call it luck or blaspheme Providence. What is certain is, you have succeeded in sowing the seeds of something that will make a far stronger case for a change next year.

THE OLD FRENCH FARMS OF DETROIT AND NEIGHBORHOOD. — Looking at a map of the original claims and surveys of the lands along the Detroit River and its tributaries, a modern topographer or surveyor cannot but wonder at the striking peculiarity of the long and narrow tracts or strips of land that appear before him, and which being comparatively, but a very few feet in width, run back to a depth of three miles and in some instances much more. This is particularly the case on the River Rouge and the River Aux Ecorces, most of the claims fronting on the Detroit being somewhat wider; but still preserving their great longitudinal measurement.

This peculiarity came to be adopted and carried out from the desire of the old French settlers to have a "water front" to their property, a thing they never failed to secure if it was possible. They were thus enabled always to have water for their own use and that of their stock without the digging of wells, a thing almost without exception unpractised and, we believe, almost unknown to them. There was in those days and under these circumstances no need of artificial water-works; every householder had his habitation within a convenient distance of the river, to which a well-worn path was made, and in winter storm, as well as under the summer sun, the water was drawn from the river in front.

These lands, or claims, as they are known, were recognized by the United States government, and patents issued therefore to the original claimants or their heirs on proper application, the patents being numbered in order as issued. For instance, the Brevoort farm is still known as private claim No. 20, and was patented to Robert Navarre, of whom mention has

recently been made in these columns. The Joseph Campan farm is still designated as private claim No. 609, the patent or deed of which was originally issued to Charles Poupaid; and so of the other claims, according to number.

Detroit Free Press.

A JOURNAL of Finland states that a painting by Rubens, representing a "Descent from the Cross," has just been discovered in the Church of Elenas. The inhabitants were not aware that they possessed such a treasure, although the picture has always attracted the attention of connoisseurs. Last summer three artists, named Schestrund, Lowgreen, and Munstheim, being on a visit to the town, declared positively that the work was a Rubens. An inquiry was then instituted, and showed that the painting had been brought from Germany in 1650 by Count de Loewenhaupt, who presented it to the town. It is said to have been restored by the artist Lindau in 1821.

Among other curiosities Mr. Trubner offers us the *Alaska Herald*, the furthest offshoot of our press, and which is published in English and Russian. Some attention is shown to the Aleut Indians. The contest of English and Russian on the coasts of the Pacific may be attended with the infiltration of ideas among the populations of Siberia, which are more energetic and in the enjoyment of more personal freedom.

From The Contemporary Review.
BELLS.

I.

THE long, winding staircase seems to have no end. Two hundred steps are already below us. The higher we go the more broken and rugged are the stairs. Suddenly it grows very dark, and clutching the rope more firmly we struggle upwards. Light dawns again, through a narrow Gothic slit in the tower—let us pause and look out for a moment.

The glare is blinding, but from the deep, cool recess a wondrous spectacle unfolds itself. We are almost on a level with the roof of a noble cathedral. We have come close upon a fearful dragon. He seems to spring straight out of the wall. We have often seen his lean, gaunt form from below—he passed almost unnoticed with a hundred brother gurgoyles—but now we are so close to him our feelings are different; we seem like intruders in his lawful domains. His face is horribly grotesque and earnest. His proportions, which seemed so diminutive in the distance, are really colossal—but here everything is colossal. This huge scroll, this clump of stone cannon-balls, are, in fact, the little vine tendrils and grapes that looked so frail and delicately carved from below. Amongst the petals of yonder mighty rose a couple of pigeons are busy building their nest; seeds of grasses and wild flowers have been blown up, and here and there a tiny garden has been laid out by the capricious winds on certain wide stone hemlock leaves; the fringe of yonder cornice is a waste of lilies. As we try to realize detail after detail the heart is almost pained by the excessive beauty of all this petrified bloom, stretching away over flying buttresses, and breaking out upon column and architrave, and the eye at last turns away weary with wonder. A few more steps up the dark tower, and we are in a large dim space, illuminated only by the feeblest glimmer. Around us and overhead rise huge timbers, inclining towards each other at every possible angle, and hewn, centuries ago, from the neighbouring forests, which have long since disappeared. They support the roof of the building. Just glancing through a trap-door at our feet we seem to look some miles down into another world. A few foreshortened, but moving specks, we are told are people on the floor of the cathedral, and a bunch of tiny tubes, about the size of a pan-pipe, really belong to an organ of immense size and power.

At this moment a noise like a powerful engine in motion recalls our attention to

the tower. The great clock is about to strike, and begins to prepare by winding itself up five minutes before the hour. Groping amongst the wilderness of cross beams and timbers, we reach another staircase, which leads to a vast square but lofty fabric, filled with the same mighty scaffolding. Are not these most dull and dreary solitudes—the dust of ages lies everywhere around us, and the place which now receives the print of our feet has, perhaps, not been touched for five hundred years? And yet these ancient towers and the inner heights and recesses of these old roofs and bellfries soon acquire a strong hold over the few who care to explore them. Lonely and deserted as they may appear, there are hardly five minutes of the day or the night up there that do not see strange sights or hear strange sounds.

As the eye gets accustomed to the twilight, we may watch the large bats flit by. Every now and then a poor lost bird darts about, screaming wildly, like a soul in purgatory that cannot find its way out. Then we may come upon an ancient rat, who seems as much at home there as if he had taken a lease of the roof for ninety-nine years.

We have been assured by the carillonneur at Louvain that both rats and mice are not uncommon at such considerable elevations.

Overhead hang the huge bells, several of which are devoted to the clock—others are rung by hand from below, whilst somewhere near, besides the clock machinery, there will be a room fitted up, like a vast musical box, containing a barrel, which acts upon thirty or forty of the bells up in the tower, and plays tunes every hour of the day and night.

You cannot pass many minutes in such a place without the clicking of machinery, and the chiming of some bell—even the quarters are divided by two or three notes, or half-quarter bells. Double the number are rung for the quarter, four times as many for the half-hour, whilst at the hour, a storm of music breaks from such towers as Mechlin and Antwerp, and continues for three or four minutes to float for miles over the surrounding country.

The bells, with their elaborate and complicated striking apparatus, are the life of these old towers—a life that goes on from century to century, undisturbed by many a convulsion in the streets below. These patriarchs, in their tower, hold constant converse with man, but they are not of him; they call him to his duties, they vibrate to his woes and joys, his perils and victories, but they are at once sympathetic and pas-

sionless; chiming at his will, but hanging far above him; ringing out the old generation, and ringing in the new, with a mechanical, almost oppressive, regularity, and an iron constancy which often makes them and their grey towers the most revered and ancient things in a large city.

The great clock strikes — it is the only music, except the thunder, that can fill the air. Indeed, there is something almost elemental in the sound of these colossal and many-centuried bells. As the wind howls at night through their belfries, the great beams seem to groan with delight, the heavy wheels, which sway the bells, begin to move and creak; and the enormous clappers swing slowly, as though longing to respond before the time.

At Tournay there is a famous old belfry. It dates from the twelfth century, and is said to be built on a Roman base. It now possesses forty bells. It commands the town and the country round, and from its summit is obtained a near view of the largest and finest cathedral in Belgium, with its five magnificent towers. Four brothers guard the summit of the belfry at Tournay, and relieve each other day and night, at intervals of ten hours. All through the night a light is seen burning in the topmost gallery, and when a fire breaks out the tocsin, or big bell, is tolled up aloft by the watchman. He is never allowed to sleep — indeed, as he informed us, showing us his scanty accommodation, it would be difficult to sleep up there. On stormy nights, a whirlwind seems to select that watchman and his tower for its most violent attacks; the darkness is often so great that nothing of the town below can be seen. The tower rocks to and fro, and startled birds dash themselves upon the shaking light, like sea-birds upon a lighthouse lantern.

Such seasons are not without real danger — more than once the lightning has melted and twisted the iron hasps about the tower, and within the memory of man the masonry itself has been struck. During the long peals of thunder that come rolling with the black rain clouds over the level plains of Belgium the belfry begins to vibrate like a huge musical instrument, as it is; the bells peel out, and seem to claim affinity with the deep bass of the thunder, whilst the shrill wind shrieks a demoniac treble to the wild and stormy music.

All through the still summer night the belfry lamp burns like a star. It is the only point of yellow light that can be seen up so high, and when the moon is bright it looks almost red in the silvery atmosphere. Then it is that the music of the bells floats farthest

over the plains, and the postillion hears the sound as he hurries along the high road from Brussels or Lille, and, smacking his whip loudly, he shouts to his weary steed as he sees the light of the old tower of Tournay come in sight.

Bells are best heard when they are rung upon a slope or in a valley. The traveller may well wonder at the distinctness with which he can hear the monastery bells on the Lake of Lugano or the church bells over some of the long reaches of the Rhine. Next to valleys, plains carry the sound farthest. Fortunately, many of the finest bell-towers in existence are so situated. It is well known how freely the sound of the bells travels over Salisbury Plain. The same music steals far and wide over the Lombard Plain from Milan Cathedral; over the Campagna from St. Peter's at Rome; over the flats of Alsatia to the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest from the Strasbourg spire; and lastly, over the plain of Belgium from the towers of Tournay, Ghent, Brussels, Louvain, and Antwerp. The belfry at Bruges lies in a hollow, and can only be seen and heard along the line of its own valley.

To take one's stand at the summit of Strasbourg Cathedral at the ringing of the sunset bell, just at the close of some effulgent summer's day, is to witness one of the finest sights in the world. The moment is one of brief but ineffable splendour, when, between the mountains and the plain, just as the sun is setting, the mists rise suddenly in strange sweeps and spirals, and are smitten through with the golden fire, which, melting down through a thousands tints, passes, with the rapidity of a dream, into the cold purples of the night.

Pass for a moment, in imagination, from such a scene to the summit of Antwerp Cathedral at sunrise. Delicately tall, and not dissimilar in character, the Antwerp spire exceeds in height its sister of Strasbourg, which is commonly supposed to be the highest in the world. The Antwerp spire is 403 feet high from the foot of the tower. Strasbourg measures 468 feet from the level of the sea: but less than 403 feet from the level of the plain.

By the clear morning light, the panorama from the steeple of Notre Dame at Antwerp can hardly be surpassed. One hundred and twenty-six steeples may be counted, far and near. Facing northward, the Scheldt winds away until it loses itself in a white line, which is none other than the North Sea. By the aid of a telescope ships can be distinguished out on the horizon, and the captains declare they can see the lofty spire at

one hundred and fifty miles distant. Middelburg at seventy-five, and Flessing at sixty-five miles, are also visible from the steeple. Looking towards Holland, we can distinguish Breda and Walladuc, each about fifty-four miles off.

Turning southward, we cannot help being struck by the fact that almost all the great Belgian towers are within sight of each other. The two lordly and massive towers of St. Gudule's Church at Brussels, the noble fragment at Mechlin, that has stood for centuries awaiting its companion, besides many others, with carillons of less importance, can be seen from Antwerp. So these mighty spires, grey and changeless in the high air, seem to hold converse together over the heads of puny mortals, and their language is rolled from tower to tower by the music of the bells.

"Non sunt loquellæ neque sermones audiantur voces eorum."

("There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them.")

Such is the inscription we copied from one bell in the tower at Anvers, signed "F. Hemony, Amstelodamia (Amsterdam), 1658."

II.

BELLS have been sadly neglected by antiquaries. There are probably few churches or cathedrals in England concerning whose bells anything definite is known, and the current rumours about their size, weight, and date are seldom accurate. In Belgium even, where far more attention is paid to the subject, it is difficult to find in the archives of the towns and public libraries any account of the bells. The great folios at Louvain, Antwerp, and Mechlin, containing what is generally supposed to be an exhaustive transcript of all the monumental and funereal inscriptions in Belgium, will often bestow but a couple of dates and one inscription upon a richly-decorated and inscribed carillon of thirty or forty bells. The reason of this is not far to seek. The fact is, it is no easy matter to get at the bells when they are once hung, and many an antiquarian, who will haunt tombs and pore over illegible brasses with commendable patience, will decline to risk his neck in the most interesting of belfries. The pursuit, too, is often a disappointing one. Perhaps it is possible to get half way round a bell, and then be prevented by a thick beam, or the bell's own wheel, from seeing the other half, which by a perverse chance generally contains the date and name of the founder. Perhaps the oldest bell is quite inaccessible, or, after half an hour's climb-

ing amid the utmost dust and difficulty, we reach a perfectly blank or common-place bell. To any one who intends to prosecute his studies in belfries, we should recommend the practice of patience, an acquaintance with the Gothic type, and a preliminary course of appropriate gymnastics. These last might consist in trying to get through apertures too small to admit the human body, hanging from the ceiling of a dark room by one hand whilst trying to read an illegible inscription by the light of a lucifer match held in the other, trying to stand on a large wheel whilst gently rotating, without losing your equilibrium, and employing the bell-ropes as a means of ascent and descent without ringing the bells.

The antiquary will note with satisfaction the incontestable antiquity of bells.

We read in Exodus xxviii. 34, a description of the high-priest's dress at the celebration of the high sacrifices. He was to wear "a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of his robe round about:" and to show that no mere ornament is intended, in the next verse (35) we read "It shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out." That is to say, at the beginning and end of the sacrifice the little bell was to be rung in the ears of the congregation. This ancient practice has been adopted out of the old Jewish into the Roman Catholic ritual, where the priest still rings a bell at the celebration of the mass.

It is unnecessary here to trace the history of bells before the Christian era. It is certain that they were early used in the Christian Church for devotional purposes. The first large bells for this purpose were probably cast in Italy: they were soon afterwards introduced into this island.

Ingulphus, who died in the year 870, mentions a chime of six bells given by the Abbot Turketulus to the Abbey of Croyland, and he adds, with much satisfaction, as the sound of those famous old bells came back upon him, with memories perchance of goodly refectations at the abbey, and noble fasts on fish, and long abstinence tempered with dried raisins from Italy and the British oyster, — "Non erat tunc tanta consonantia campanarum in tota Anglia." ("There wasn't such a peal of bells in all England.")

We believe there is no bell extant of so early a date as 800. Bad bells have a habit of cracking, and the best will be worn out by the clapper in time, and have to be recast. There are, however, some wondrous bells in different parts of the world,

which deserve to be mentioned even in so informal a treatise as the present. Father Le Comte, the Jesuit missionary, speaks of seven enormous bells at Pekin, each of which was said to weigh nine tons. They proved too heavy for the Chinese tower, and one day they rung it into ruins. Indeed, a Chinese tower never looks as if it could bear a good storm of wind, much less the strain and heavy rhythmic vibration of a peal of bells.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell at Moscow — if it has not been broken up. It was cast in 1653, by order of the Empress Sophia, and has never been raised — not because it is too heavy, but because it is cracked. All was going on well at the foundry, when a fire broke out in Moscow — streams of water were dashed in upon the houses and factories, and a little stream found its way into the bell metal at the very moment when it was rushing in a state of fusion into the colossal bell-mould, and so, to the disappointment of the Russian people and all posterity, the big bell came out cracked. It is said to weigh no less than 198 tons. The second Moscow bell is probably the largest in the world in actual use, and is reported to weigh 128 tons. These enormous figures must be received with caution, as it is impossible to verify them.

There are not many English bells worth noticing. In 1845 a bell of twelve tons was hung in York Minister. The great Tom at Lincoln weighs five tons. His namesake at Oxford seven tons.

We have to allude by-and-by to the bells at St. Paul's Cathedral and at Westminster, but for the present we return to Belgium, the "classic land of bells," as it has been well called by the Chevalier Van Elewyck.

III.

About 1620, whilst the Amâtis in Italy were feeling their way to the manufacture of the finest violins, the family of the Van den Gheyns, in Belgium, were bringing to perfection the science of bell-founding. The last Van den Gheyn who made bells flourished only a few years later than Stradarius, and died towards the beginning of this century. The incessant civil wars in which Belgium for centuries had been engaged — at one time the mere battle-field of rival cities, at another the sturdy defender of patriotic rights against France, Germany, and, lastly, against her old mistress, Spain — gave to the bells of Belgium a strange and deep significance.

The first necessity in a fortified town like Ghent or Bruges was a tower to see the

enemy from, and a bell to ring together the citizens. Hence the tower and bells in some cathedrals are half civil property. The tower was usually built first, although the spire was seldom finished for centuries afterwards. A bell was put up as soon as possible, which belonged to the town, not to the cathedral chapter. Thus the Curfew, the Carolus, and the St. Mary bells in the Antwerp tower belong to the town, whilst the rest are the property of the chapter.

It is with no ordinary emotion that the lover of bells ascends these ancient towers, not knowing what he shall find there. He may be suddenly brought into contact with some relic of the past which will revive the historical life of a people or a period in a way in which hardly anything else could. He hears the very sound they heard. The inscriptions on the bell, in their solemn earnestness or their fresh foreboding, are often like drops of blood still warm from the veins of the past. None but those who have experienced it can understand the thrill of joy, as of treasure-trove, which strikes through the seeker upon catching sight of the peculiar elongated kind of bell which proclaims an antiquity of perhaps four hundred years. How eagerly he climbs up to it! how tenderly he removes the green bloom over the heavy rust which has settled in between the narrow Gothic letters! how he rubs away at their raised surfaces, in order to induce them to yield up their precious secret! How the first thing he always looks for is a bell without a D or 500 in it — e.g., MCCCXX. — and how often he is disappointed by deciphering MCCCCXX., where MDXX. might have been written, and put an end at once to his hopes of a thirteenth or fourteenth-century bell. Then the first bell he will seek on reaching a famous tower will be the "bourdon," or big bell, which has probably proved too large for the enemy to carry away, or which by some lucky chance has escaped the sacrilegious melting down, and been left to the town, perhaps at the intercession of its fairest women, or its most noble citizens. Ascending into the open belfry, his eye will rest with something like awe upon the very moderate-sized bell, hanging high up in the dusk by itself — the oldest in the tower, which, from its awkward position and small bulk, has escaped the spoliation and rapine of centuries.

We can hardly wonder at the reverence with which the inhabitants of Mechlin, Ghent, and Antwerp regard their ancient bells, and the intelligent enthusiasm with which they speak of them. Certain bells which we shall have to mention are re-

nowned, not only throughout Belgium, but throughout the civilized world. Most people have heard of the Carolus Bell at Antwerp, and there is not a respectable citizen in any town of Belgium who would not be proud to tell you its date and history.

Will the reader now have patience to go back a century or two, and assist at the founding of some of these bells? It is no light matter, but a subject of thought and toil and wakeful nights, and often ruinous expense.

Let us enter the town of Mechlin in the year 1638. We may well linger by the clear and rapid river Senne. The old wooden bridge, which has since been replaced by a stone one, unites two banks full of the most picturesque elements. To this day the elaborately-carved façades of the old houses close on the water are of an incomparable richness of design. The peculiar ascent of steps leading up to the angle of the roof, in a style of architecture which the Flemish borrowed from the Spaniards, is still everywhere to be met with. Several houses bear dates from 1605 and upwards, and are still in habitable repair. The river line is gracefully broken by trees and gardens which doubtless in the earlier times were still more numerous within the precincts of the rough city wall, and afforded fruits, vegetables, and scanty pasturage in time of siege. The noblest of square Gothic towers, the tower of the cathedral church dedicated to St. Rumboldt, and finished up to three hundred and forty-eight feet, guides us to what is now called the Grande Place, where stands still, just as it stood then, the "Halles," with a turret of 1340, and the Hôtel de Ville of the fifteenth century.

But our business is with an obscure hut-like building in the neighbourhood of the cathedral: it is the workshop and furnaces adjoining the abode of Peter Van den Gheyn, the most renowned bell-founder of the seventeenth century, born in 1605. In company with his associate, Deklerk, arrangements are being made for the founding of a big bell. Let us suppose it to be the celebrated "Salvator," for the cathedral tower hard by.

Before the cast was made there was no doubt great controversy between the mighty smiths, Deklerk and Van den Gheyn; plans had to be drawn out on parchment, measurements and calculations made, little proportions weighed by a fine instinct, and the defects and merits of ever so many bells canvassed. The ordinary measurements which now hold good for a large bell are,

roughly, one-fifteenth of the diameter in thickness and twelve times the thickness in height.

We may now repair to the outhouses, divided into two principal compartments. The first is occupied by the furnaces; in whose centre is the vast cauldron for the fusion of the metal; and the second is a kind of shallow well, where the bell would have to be modelled in clay. Let us watch the men at their work. The object to be first attained is a hollow mould of the exact size and shape of the intended bell, into which the liquid metal will then be poured through a tube from the adjacent furnace, and this mould is constructed in the following simple but ingenious manner:—Suppose the bell is to be six feet high, a column of about five feet five in height is built something in the shape of a bell, round which clay has to be moulded until the shape produced is exactly the shape of the outside of a bell. Upon the smooth surface of this solid bell-shaped mass can now be laid figures, decorations, and inscriptions in wax. A large quantity of the most delicately prepared clay is then produced; the model is slightly washed with some kind of oil to prevent the fine clay from sticking to it, and three or four coats of the fine clay in an almost liquid state are daubed carefully all over the model; next, a coating of common clay is added to strengthen the mould to the thickness of some inches; and thus the model stands with its great bell-shaped cover closely fitting over it.

A fire is now lighted underneath. The brickwork in the interior is heated through, then the clay, then the wax ornaments and oils, which steam out in vapour through two holes at the top, leaving their impressions on the inner side of the outer cast. When everything is baked thoroughly hard, the cover is raised bodily into the air by a rope, and held suspended some feet exactly above the model. In the interior of the cast thus raised will of course be found the exact impression in hollow of the outside of the bell. The model of clay and masonry is then broken up, and its place is taken by another perfectly smooth model, only smaller and exactly the size of the *inside* of the bell. On this the great cover descends, and is stopped in time to leave a hollow space between the new model and itself. This is effected simply by the bottom rim of the new model forming a base at the proper distance upon which the rim of the clay cover may rest in its descent. The hollow space between the clay cover and the clay model is now the exact shape of the

required bell, and only waits to be filled with metal.

So far all has been comparatively easy, but the critical moment has now arrived. The furnaces have long been smoking; the brick-work containing the cauldron is almost glowing with red heat; a vast draught-passage underneath the floor keeps the fire rapid; from time to time it leaps up with a hundred angry tongues, or, rising higher, sweeps in one sheet of flame over the furnace-embedded cauldron. Then the cunning artificer brings forth his heaps of choice metal — large cakes of red coruscated copper from Drontheim, called "Rosette," owing to a certain rare pink bloom that seems to lie all over it, like the purple on a plum; then a quantity of tin, so highly refined that it shines and glistens like pure silver: these are thrown into the cauldron, and melted down together. Kings and nobles have stood beside these famous cauldrons, and looked with reverence on the making of these old bells; nay, they have brought gold and silver, and pronouncing the holy name of some saint or apostle which the bell was hereafter to bear, they have flung in precious metals, rings, bracelets, and even bullion. But for a moment or two before the pipe which is to convey the metal to the mould is opened, the smith stands and stirs the molten mass to see if all is melted. Then he casts in certain proportions of zinc and other metals which belong to the secrets of the trade; he knows how much depends upon these little refinements, which he has acquired by experience, and which perhaps he could not impart even if he would — so true is it that in every art that which constitutes success is a matter of instinct, and not of rule, or even science. He knows, too, that almost everything depends upon the moment chosen for flooding the mould. Standing in the intense heat, and calling loudly for a still more raging fire, he stirs the metal once more. At a given signal the pipe is opened, and with a long smothered rush the molten fluid fills the mould to the brim. Nothing now remains but to let the metal cool, and then to break up the clay and brick-work, and extract the bell, which is then finished, for better or worse.

A good bell, when struck, yields one note, so that any person with an ear for music can say what it is. This note is called the consonant, and when it is distinctly heard the bell is said to be "true." Any bell of moderate size (little bells are too small to be experimented upon) may be tested in the following manner. Tap the bell just on the curve of the top and it will

yield a note one octave above the consonant. Tap the bell about one quarter's distance from the top, and it should yield a note which is the *quint*, or fifth of the octave. Tap it two quarters and a half lower, and it will yield a *tierce*, or third of the octave. Tap it strongly above the rim, where the clapper strikes, and the *quint*, the *tierce*, and the octave will now sound simultaneously, yielding the consonant or keynote of the bell.

If the *tierce* is too sharp, the bell's note (i.e., the consonant) wavers between a tone and a half-tone above it; if the *tierce* is flat the note wavers between a tone and the half-tone below it; in either case the bell is said to be "false." A sharp *tierce* can be flattened by filing away the inside of the bell just where the *tierce* is struck; but if the bell, when cast, is found to have a flat *tierce*, there is no remedy. The consonant or keynote of a bell can be slightly sharpened by cutting away the inner rim of the bell, or flattened by filing it a little higher up inside, just above the rim.

The greatest makers do not appear to be exempt from failure. In proportion to the size is the difficulty of casting a true bell, and one that will not crack; and the admirers of the great Westminster bell, which is cracked, may console themselves with the reflection that many a bell, by the finest Belgium makers, has cracked before our Big Ben. The Salvator bell at Mechlin, renowned as was its maker, Peter Van den Gheyn, cracked in 1696 — i. e., only fifty-eight years after it was made. It was recast by De Haze of Antwerp, and lasted till a few years ago. On the summit of Mechlin tower we fell in with the man who helped to break up the old Salvator, and although he admitted that it has now issued from Severin van Aerschodt's establishment cast for the third time, as fine as ever, he shook his head gravely when he spoke of the grand old bell which had rung and rung so well for two hundred years. When a bell has been recast, the fact will usually be found recorded on it by some such inscription as that on the "St. Maria" bell at Cologne Cathedral: — "Fusa anno MCCCXVIII. — refusa per Ionnem Bourlet anno MDCLXXXIII." The name of Bourlet is still to be found in the neighbourhood of Cologne.

The names that most frequently occur in Belgium are those of the Van den Gheyns, Dumery, and Hemony. We have come across many others of whom we can learn nothing. "Claude & Joseph Plumere nous ont fait," and underneath, regardless of

grammar, "me dissonam *refundit*, 1664." "Claes Noorden Johan Albert de Grave me fecerunt Amstelodamia, 1714."

The above were copied in the belfry of St. Peter's at Louvain. The name of Bartholomew Goethale, 1680, is found in St. Stephen's belfry at Ghent, and that of one Andrew Steilert, 1563, at Mechlin. Other obscure names occur here and there in the numberless belfries of this land of bells, but the carillon of Bruges (which, by the way, is a fac-simile of the Antwerp carillon, and consists of forty bells and one large Bourdon, or *Cloche de Triomphe*), bears the name of Dumery. Sixteen bells at Sottighen, several at Ghent, and many other places, bear the same name. Perhaps, however, the most prolific of all the founders was Petrus Hemony. He was a good musician, and only took to bell-founding late in life. His small bells are exceedingly fine, but his larger bells are seldom true. It is to be regretted that the same charge may be brought against several of Dumery's bells in the celebrated carillon at Bruges.

"Petrus Hemony me fecit," 1658 to '68, is the motto most familiar to the bell-seeker in Belgium. The magnificent Mechlin chimes, and most of the Antwerp bells are by him.

Besides the forty bells which form the carillon at Antwerp, there are five ancient bells of special interest. These five are rung from the same loft at an elevation of 274 feet.

The oldest is called "Horrida;" it is the ancient tocsin, and dates from 1316. It is a queer, long-shaped bell, and, out of consideration for its age and infirmities, has of late been left unringed.

Next comes the "Curfew," which hangs somewhat apart, and is rung every day at five, twelve, and eight o'clock.

The third is the "St. Maria" bell, which is said to weigh 4 1-2 tons; it rang for the first time when Carl the Bold entered Antwerp in 1467, and is still in excellent condition.

The fourth is "St. Antoine."

And last, but greatest and best-beloved of all, is the "Carolus." It was given by Charles V. (Charles Quint), takes sixteen men to swing it, and is said to weigh 7 1-2 tons. It is actually composed of copper, silver, and gold, and is estimated at £20,000. The clapper, from always striking in the same place, has much worn the two sides, although now it is rung only about twice a year. The Antwerpians are fonder of this than of all the other bells; yet it must be confessed, notwithstanding the incomparable richness of its tone, it is

not a true bell. We had considerable difficulty, during the greater part of a day spent in the Antwerp belfry, in gaining access to this monarch amongst bells, for it is guarded with some jealousy by the good Anversois.

After some trouble we got into the loft below it, where the rope hangs with its sixteen ends for the ringers; but we seemed as far as ever from the bell. It appears that the loft where the Carolus and its four companions hang is seldom visited, and then only by special order. At length we found a man who, for a consideration, procured the keys, and led the way to the closed door.

In another moment we stood beside the Carolus. We confess it was not without emotion that we walked all round it; then climbing up on the huge segment of the wheel that swings it, endeavoured in vain to read either the inscription or the date, so thickly lay the green rust of ages about the long thin letters. Creeping underneath its brazen dome, we found ourselves close to the enormous clapper, and we were seized with an irrepressible desire to hear the sound of the mighty bell.

But, alas! where were the sixteen men? It might take that number to move the bell; but it immediately struck us that much less was required to swing the clapper as it hung. Seizing it with all our might, we found with joy that it began to move, and we swung it backwards and forwards until it began to near the sides. At last, with a bang like that of the most appalling but melodious thunder, the clapper struck one side and rushed back; once and twice and thrice we managed to repeat the blow. Deaf to the entreaties of our guide, who was outside the bell, and did not care to come in at the risk of being stunned by the vibration, not to say smashed by the clapper, we felt it was a chance that comes but once in a lifetime, and so we rang the Carolus until we were out of breath, and emerged at last, quite deaf, but triumphant.

IV.

THE decorations worked in bas-relief around some of the old bells are extremely beautiful, whilst the inscriptions are often highly suggestive, and even touching. These decorations are usually confined to the top and bottom rims of the bell, and are in low relief, so as to impede the vibration as little as possible. At Mechlin, on a bell bearing date "1697. Antwerp," there is an amazingly vigorous hunt through a forest with dogs and all kinds of wild animals. It is carried right round the bell,

and has all the grace and freedom of a spirited sketch. On one of Hemony's bells, dated 1674, and bearing the inscription "Laude Domini omnes Gentes," we noticed a long procession of cherub boys dancing and ringing flat hand-bells, such as are now rung before the Host in street processions.

On some of the older bells the Latin grammar has not always been properly attended to, and P. Van den Gheyn has a curious affectation of printing his inscriptions in type of all sizes, so that one word will often contain letters from three or four different alphabets. The old inscriptions are frequently illegible, from the extreme narrowness of the Gothic type and the absence of any space between the words. One of the Ghent bells bears an inscription which, in one form or another, is frequently found in the Low Countries:—

"Mynem naem is Roelant;
Als ick clippe dan ist brandt,
Als ick luyde dan is storm im
Vlaenderland."

(*Anglice*—"My name is Roelant;
When I toll, then it is for a fire;
When I chime, then there is stormy
weather in Flanders.")

The famous Strasbourg tower, although, unlike the Belgian towers, it possesses no carillon and but nine bells in all, is remarkably rich in inscriptions, and has been richer. Its bells are interesting enough to warrant a short digression.

The first, or "Holy Ghost" bell, dated "1375, 3 nonas Augusti," weighs about eight tons, and bears the beautiful motto—

"O Rex Gloriæ Christiæ veni cum Pace."

It is only rung when two fires are seen in the town at once.

The second bell, recast 1774, is named "the Recall," or the Storm-bell. In past times, when the plain of Alsatia was covered with forests and marsh land, this bell was intended to warn the traveller of the approaching storm-cloud as it was seen driving from the Vosges Mountains toward the plain. It was also rung at night to guide him to the gates of the city. It is fitted with two hammers, and is constantly used.

The third, the "Thor," or Gate-bell, is rung at the shutting and opening of the city gates. It was cast in 1618, and originally bore the following quaint inscription:—

"Dieses Thor Glocke das erst mal schallt
Als man 1618 sahlt"

Dass Mgte jahr regnet man
Nach doctor Luthers Jubal jahr
Das Bös hinaus das Gut hinein
Zu läuten soll igr arbeit seyn."

Did Mr. Tennyson, we wonder, read this inscription before he took up the burden of the old bell's song, and wrote:—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring out the false, ring in the true."

In 1641 the Thor bell cracked, and was recast. It broke fifty years afterwards, and was recast again in 1651.

The "Mittags," or twelve-o'clock bell, is rung at mid-day and at midnight. The old bell was removed at the time of the French revolution, and bore the inscription—

"Vox ego sum vitæ
Voco vos—orate—venite!"

The hanging of most of the Strasbourg bells almost outside the delicate network of the tower is highly to be commended. They can be well heard and seen. The same remark applies to Antwerp, and it is to be regretted that in such towers as Mechlin and St. Peter's at Louvain many of the bells are so smothered up as to sound almost muffled. Almost all the bells which are open to public inspection, and which can be reached, bear white chalk inscriptions to the effect that our illustrious countryman, Jones of London, has thought it worth while to visit the bells on such and such a day, that his Christian name is Tom or Harry, and his age is, &c., &c. However, on the stone walls inside the Strasbourg tower there are some more interesting records. We copied the following:—I. M. H. S., 1587; Klopstock, 1777; Goethe, 1780; Lavater, 1776; Montalembert, 1834; and Voltaire, the *Vo* was struck away from the wall by lightning in 1821, but has been carefully replaced in stucco.

In Mechlin tower we speculated much on the initials J. R., in the deep sill of the staircase-window; underneath is a slight design of a rose window, apparently sketched with the point of a compass.

Close inside the clock-tower of Antwerp Cathedral, and sheltered by the skeleton dial, although exposed to the weather, is scratched the name Darden, 1670. It is strange, but true, that what we condemn in tourists is regarded by us with interest when the tourist happens to be eminent, or even when he happens to have been dead two hundred years or more.

V.

For the sake of contrast, it may be worth

while to look into one or two English bell-fries before we close this paper. We will select St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Clock Tower.

The bells of St. Paul's Cathedral are four in number; three belong to the clock, and hang in the south-west tower; one small one hangs alone in the north-west tower, and is rung for service. The largest bell weighs over five tons, and is commonly supposed to have been recast from the metal of "Great Tom" of Westminster. The truth seems to be as follows. "Great Tom" was no doubt at one time conveyed from Westminster to St. Paul's, but having cracked, it became necessary either to recast it or to procure a new one. The bell-metal was considered so bad, that by the advice of Richard Phelps, the bell-founder, a new one was made for £627. He allowed 9 and 1-2*d.* a pound for the old bell, but did not work up any of this metal for the present bell. This is quite certain, as we have the best authority for saying that the old bell was not removed until the new bell was delivered at the cathedral. In the *Builder*, of Dec. 14, 1867, it is confidently asserted by a correspondent, Mr. Walesby, that the present bell bears date 1709, and this date has been copied into all the hand-books. The inscription, however, is perfectly legible, and, as copied on a particularly bright morning by ourselves, runs thus:—

"Richard Phelps made me, 1716."

A common fleur-de-lis pattern runs round the top, varied only by the arms of the Dean and Chapter, whilst the bottom is decorated by a few straight lines.* There is absolutely nothing to be said about the other bells, except that R. Phelps made them, and that they are all more or less out of tune in themselves and with each other—a fact which that truly musical people whose metropolis they adorn will probably be prepared to deny with a vehemence equally patriotic and superfluous.

On ascending the Abbey tower, with notebook and candle, after being told that the bells were all rather modern, we are agreeably surprised to find at least one or two interesting specimens. There are in all seven bells. Each is rung by a rope and wheel, and has a clapper inside; and in addition to this, each is acted upon by an external hammer, worked by the striking apparatus of the clock. They are, as a rule, in quite as good condition as the Belgian bells of an equal age. The largest bears this inscription:—

* This bell has a very fine tone, and is rung at the hour.

"Remember John Whitmell, Isabel his wife, and William Rus, who first gave this bell, 1480.

"New cast in July, 1599, and in April, 1738. Richard Phelps, T. Lester, fecit."

The oldest bell, somewhat smaller, dates from 1583. The inscription is not sufficiently legible to transcribe. The next oldest is the second largest bell, date 1598. It bears an inscription—"Timpanis patrem audate sonantibus." The maker's name, which is somewhat illegible, reads like "Aultem Gabruth," after which is written "Good man." A smaller bell bears the inscription:—

"Thomas Lester, London, made me,
And with the rest I will agree,
Seventeen hundred and forty-three."

Another small bell by T. Lester bears the same date, whilst the smallest of all, hung at an almost inaccessible height, is by Richard Lester, in 1738. One bell bears no date. A few letters, at long distances from each other, and hardly legible, run round it, but we could not guess their meaning.

The Westminster bells fail to inspire us with much interest. They are products of manufacture, not works of art. Unlike almost all the Belgian bells, they are without symbols or ornamentation of any kind. There has been no labour of love thrown away upon them—not a spray or a branch relieves the monotony of the metal surface. Not even a cross, or a crown, or an ecclesiastical coat-of-arms, is bestowed upon any of them. The Latin, like a great deal of bell Latin, is very bad; the spelling is equally indifferent. The type is poor, and devoid of fancy, and the wax in which the letters were originally moulded has been so carelessly laid on, that the tops of T's are often twisted down upon the letter, and the dots of the full stops have got displaced. It is interesting to notice that all the dates, even the earliest, 1583, are in the Arabic, and not, as we should naturally expect, in the Roman numerals.

By an easy transition we may pass from the grey majestic towers of the old Abbey to the big square-sided pillar with the tall night-cap, commonly known as the Westminster Clock Tower.

This top-heavy edifice contains the latest specimens of English bell-founding in the nineteenth century, and we must do it the justice to say that it is better inside than out. On a close inspection the massiveness of the structure is imposing, and it is really surprising that such a huge amount of stonework should be so wanting in external dignity. The walls are of a uniform thickness of between five and six feet, and are

little likely ever to be shaken down, like the Pekin Tower, by the vibration of the bells. There is a wide passage all around the tower between the white enamelled glass clock-face and its illuminating apparatus. The proportions of the four discs are truly colossal, measuring each over 70 feet in circumference. Each is illuminated by a blazing wall of light behind it, composed of five horizontal gas tubes, with many jets, of an average length of 17 feet apiece. Thus the four discs that can be seen so well from all parts of London at night, owe their lighthouse radiance to a furnace composed of no less than 340 feet of gas pipes. Outside, the mighty minute-hand swings visibly round, travelling at the pace of a foot a minute. The machinery of the clock, to which a large room is devoted, being on a colossal scale, looks extremely simple. It bears the inscription — "This clock was made in the year of our Lord, 1854, by Frederick Dent." &c., from the designs of Edmund Becket Denison, Q.C. Telegraph wires from Greenwich are introduced into the interior of the works, in order to regulate the time. We may select a quarter to twelve o'clock to enter the immense belfry, containing the five bells. The iron framework in which they are swung is at once neat and massive, and contrasts with the rough and ponderous timbers of the older belfries very much as a modern iron-clad might contrast with an ancient man-of-war. We feel in the presence of these modern structures that we have gained much and lost something. The mechanical element preponderates over the human, and in the presence of these cast-iron columns, symmetrical girders, and neat bolts, we experience a sense of power, but without the particular dignity which belongs to the heavy and cumbrous rafters of the more ancient towers.

Big Ben hangs in the middle, and the four quarter-bells at the four corners. The original bell was cast by Warner, of Clerkenwell, who is also the founder of the four quarter-bells. This bell, having cracked, was replaced by Ben, from the foundry of George Mears. It bears the following inscription: —

"This bell, weighing 13 tons 10 cwt. 3 qrs. 15lbs., was cast by George Mears, at Whitechapel, for the clock of the Houses of Parliament under the direction of Edmund Becket Denison, Q. C., in the 21st year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and in the year of our Lord MDCCCLVIII."

The decorations round the top are of the hard Gothic type of the Houses of Parliament. On one side of the bell is the ordi-

nary raised heraldic grating, and on the other are the arms of England. The letters are of the worst possible kind of that narrow Gothic type which makes the despair of the antiquarian. In a couple of hundred years, when the rust and mould, which have begun to accumulate in our wretched English atmosphere, has clotted the letters together and confused the tops, we may safely predict that this inscription will be entirely illegible.

The largest of the four quarter-bells, cast in 1856 by Warner, weighs 3 tons 17 cwt. 2 qrs.; the second weighs 1 ton 13 cwt. 2 qrs.; the third, 1 ton 5 cwt. 1 qr.; the fourth, 1 ton 1 cwt.

After seeking for some quaint text, or solemn dedication, which should convey to posterity some idea of the founder's reverence for his work or taste for his art, we discovered the following noble and original inscription: — "John Warner and Sons, Crescent Foundry, 1857," then follows her Britannic Majesty's arms, and, underneath, the striking word "Patent." We could not help thinking of the Belgian bells, on which the founder — half poet, half artist — has printed the fair forms that seemed for ever rising in his free and fertile imagination. How often do we feel as we note the graceful tracery, and the infinitely varied groups, just sufficiently unstudied to be full of feeling, that the artist has been tracing memories of netted branches, beloved faces, or nature's own hieroglyphics written upon flowers and sea-shells! There is one bell in a dark corner of a Louvain belfry, nearly plain, only against the side of it a forest leaf has, as it were, been blown and changed to iron, with every web-like vein perfect — but, of course, a forest leaf is a poor thing compared to a "Patent."

Neither in the Abbey, nor St. Paul's, nor the Clock Tower do we find the bells have any higher vocation than that of beating the tom-tom. They do not call the citizens "to work and pray." They remind them of no One above the toiling and moiling crowd; of no changeless and eternal sympathy with man, his joys and his sorrows. They give no warning note of fire, of pestilence, of battle, or any other peril. There are no Peals of Triumph, no Storm-bells, no Salvators — merely Old Toms and Big Bens.

Big Ben is cracked; but not badly so. Indeed, considering he is 8 1-2 inches thick, we can hardly be surprised that the crack does not go right through him. We believe that the designer of the bell insisted upon the metals being mixed on scientific

principles, and in certain proportions; and it is rumoured that had the advice of the founder been followed, and the metals mixed as only a practical founder knows how, the bell would not have cracked. On this subject we cannot pretend to have even an opinion. If we are to trust our own ears, Big Ben is not a true bell. He suffers from a flat third. His unhappy brother Patent, who is, nevertheless, so far in his right mind as to be still uncracked (we allude to the next largest bell, which hangs at one of the corners), is no more true than his magnified relative. If we are not very much mistaken, he is afflicted with a sharp third. To crown all, we fear it must be confessed (but on this subject we would willingly bow to the decision of Professor Sterndale Bennett or Sir Michael Costa) that none of the bells are in tune with each other. The intended intervals are, indeed, suggested; but it can scarcely be maintained by any musician that the dissonant clangour, which is heard a quarter before each hour, is anything more than a vague approach to an harmonic sequence.

The excited citizens of Mechlin or Antwerp would have had them down after their

first tuneless attempt to play the quarter; but the strength of Old England lies more in patents than tuning-forks — So “vive le mauvais quart-d’heure.”

We have before mentioned that one bell in the neighbouring tower of the Abbey, on which is inscribed “John Lester made me,” &c., possesses a laudable desire “with the rest” to “agree.” We may regret that its aspiration rose no higher; and, still more, that modest as it is, it was not destined to be realized. But if both the Clock Tower and the Abbey Tower are thus discordant in themselves, and with each other, it must be admitted that they agree excellently well in disagreeing.

We do not wish to be hard upon English bells, and we confess that we have seen more of foreign than of English ones; yet such specimens as we have seen have not encouraged us to seek further, and it is with a feeling of relief that we turn even from such celebrated belfries as St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey to the old cathedrals of Belgium, with their musical chimes and their splendid carillons.

H. R. HAWES.

Typical Selections from the Best English Authors. (Clarendon Press series.) This is certainly one of the best “reading books” that we have seen. Selections are made from fifty-nine English prose writers, beginning with Bishop Latimer and ending with Lord Macaulay. Why was not the number made up to sixty, with the great name of Thackeray, a classical writer certainly, if there is any power of insight at all in contemporary judgments? But, on the whole, we have no fault to find with the selection, which seems always to have been made with judgment. Once we notice a quiet humour in the choice, when a characteristic extract is taken from Junius, in which he contemplates the retirement of the Duke of Grafton to the University of which he was Chancellor, and warns him that “whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation.” The short prefatory notes are sensible and to the point. The whole book, in fact, which is, we learn, the work of many friends co-operating with the editor, — an immense advantage when so large a field of literature is to be traversed and examined, — is worthy to pass beyond the circle of advanced schoolboys and schoolgirls for whom it is intended, and be used

as a guide by those who would study our great prose authors. It will at least give them a taste for many good things of which they will scarcely have heard before. Might we add a word in grateful remembrance of a book — one of the many good services of its author — in which the idea of this volume was long ago partly carried out, Mr Charles Knight’s “Half-Hours with the Best Authors”? Spectator.

AN elaborate work on the vulgar speech of the north and centre of France, by M. J. Baumgarten, is in course of publication in Paris. It comprises also the Vulgar Tongue and the latest Coinages of Paris; the Pronunciation of the Dialect, and historical Notices of the Pronunciation of the Language of Literature, a point hitherto little touched on by French writers.

MR. W. S. TRENCH, whose “Realities of Irish Life” gave him a place in literature, is about to turn from Reality to Romance. His “Ierne; or, the Sacred Isle,” will have illustrations by the Irish artist, Mr. A. Hayes.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
FEMALE INFANTICIDE IN INDIA.

THE East India Company, in its imperial days, was accustomed to pride itself on the number or monstrous forms of crime which its servants in India had combated and put down. Those who have read the famous petition which it presented to Parliament on the eve of its deposition, and which has generally been attributed to Mr. J. S. Mill, will remember its enumeration of this class of achievements. The Company had abolished suttee, it had put down human sacrifices; above all it had nearly suppressed infanticide — the one great crime of the better classes in India. We regret to say that the newspapers just received from India contain proof that the congratulations claimed for the abatement of the last-mentioned horrible practice were asked somewhat prematurely. No doubt many eminent Indian administrators had laboured successfully to check it in various localities; but the country is too vast for such efforts to be tried everywhere, and, if only ordinary means are used, the crime appears to be in the highest degree difficult of detection, and the temptation to commit it seems to be extraordinarily strong. The Indian Government has apparently to begin anew the contest with its habitual perpetrators.

We have rarely read anything more appalling than the statements made to the Legislative Council by one of its members, who moved for leave to introduce a bill for the prevention and punishment of infanticide. It appears that the opinion that the crime had not been so completely checked as had been supposed began to prevail just before the outbreak of the mutiny. In 1856 a Mr. Moore was charged with an inquiry into the matter, and the state of things which he found existing in certain parts of the country was shocking in the extreme. He had personally visited and made himself acquainted with 308 villages, and he reported that in twenty-six not a single girl above six years old was to be found, and that no woman had been married from the villages for upwards of eighty years. In another batch of thirty-eight villages there was not one single girl, and no marriage from them had taken place within the memory of man. In thirty villages there were thirty-seven girls and 329 boys of the same age, and a scarcely less disproportion prevailed in all the villages examined. The mutiny, however, broke out, and the investigation was suspended, nor does it seem to have been renewed till a few years since. The results arrived at by inquiry of quite recent date are equally startling. The Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor of the North-Western Provinces examined ten villages, where he found 104 boys and only one girl, nor had any woman been married for ten years. In twenty-seven others there were 284 boys and 23 girls, in nine villages he found 71 boys and 7 girls, and in other localities the very tradition of marriage had been lost. There had therefore been demonstrably an enormous slaughter of female children; indeed, a tank was on one occasion pointed out and described as paved with the bones of girls. But murder was not the only crime revealed by these discoveries. The men of these villages, like all Hindoos, must marry, and marry early; and the question was, how could they be supplied with wives? There seems no doubt that the difficulty was got over by kidnapping or purchasing girls from distant places, who were sold to the villagers, the seller pretending and the buyers affecting to believe that the child was of caste sufficiently high to admit of her being married in the village. Wholesale murder seems in fact to have led to wholesale kidnapping.

All the authorities seem to be agreed as to the cause of these atrocities. They spring exclusively from the pride of family and caste. The natives who practise them most extensively belong to the highest secular caste, the Rajpoots; but the crime, like every other usage in India which is conventionally regarded as a mark of dignity, has shown a very strong tendency to spread to other classes, and was even stated to have reached the Mahomedans. The Rajpoot deems it deep disgrace to marry his daughter to anybody not of higher rank than himself, or not at the very least of equal rank, and he considers it disgrace even deeper to have a marriageable daughter unmarried. If, therefore, there were daughters, husbands must absolutely be had for them, but then they would be excessively scarce. But this is not the whole of the cause. It is an inflexible rule among these castes — inflexible, that is to say, until there is a general agreement to break it — that the ceremonies of marriage, which are wholly at the cost of the bride's father, must be conducted on a scale proportioned to the assumed rank both of the bridegroom's family and of the bride's. But the castes which place this obligation on themselves by no means necessarily consist of rich men. The Rajpoot villages are chiefly bodies of peasant cultivators, often not far removed from downright poverty. It is, in fact, the combination of poverty with pride which creates the inveteracy of the abominable practice.

It is satisfactory to find, from the state-

ments made to the Legislative Council, that no doubt is entertained of the possibility of suppressing female infanticide now that its prevalence has been established. The measures relied on appear to be not so much from penal sanctions as, in the first instance, a system of periodical inspection and registration of births, and, in the next, a series of efforts to obtain a general understanding from the Rajpoots themselves that their expenditure in marriages shall be lessened. It seems that they, or the principal men among them, are fully persuaded of the folly of their extravagance on this head; but that, until it is fully understood that all will reduce, nobody will commence the reduction. Probably the Government alone can

produce the general agreement which is required. It was stated that the effectiveness of this very class of measures had been established experimentally. In the district of Mynpoorie there was, in 1842, no Rajpoot girl alive. The remedies just described were then tried, and nine years afterwards, there were eighty-eight girls found living, and 250 in 1855. The same measures year after year doubled the number of girls in the territory round Agra. It is very characteristic of the nature of British influence on India that the crime is now fully admitted by the natives to be a crime; but the temptation to commit it is alleged to be irresistible, and the Government is helplessly appealed to for the means of suppressing it.

FOOD OF OCEANIC ANIMALS. — Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys, F.R.S., in *Nature*, calls the attention of physiologists to the fact that plant-life appears to be absent in the ocean, with the exception of a comparatively narrow fringe (known as the littoral and laminarian zones) which girds the coasts, and of the "Sarragossa" tract in the Gulf of Mexico. During the recent exploration in H.M.S. *Porcupine* of part of the North Atlantic, he could not detect the slightest trace of any organism at a greater depth than fifteen fathoms. Animal organisms of all kinds and sizes, living and dead, were everywhere abundant, from the surface to the bottom; and it might at first be supposed that such constituted the only food of the oceanic animals which were observed, some of them being zoophagons, others sarcophagons, none phytophagons. But inasmuch as all animals are said to exhale carbonic acid gas, and on their death the same gas is given out by their decomposition, Mr. Jeffreys asks whence do oceanic animals get that supply of carbon which terrestrial and littoral or shallow-water animals derive, directly or indirectly from plants? Can any class of marine animals assimilate the carbon contained in the sea, as plants assimilate the carbon contained in the air? According to Mr. Jeffreys the usual theory that all animals ultimately depend for their nourishment on vegetable life, seems not to be applicable to the main ocean, and consequently not to one half of the earth's surface.

can avail themselves of field sports, and unless the weather chance to be favourable to skating, a large proportion of these who have a short holiday at Christmas spend it rather to the detriment than to the advantage of health. Without wishing to interfere with the cultivation of social pleasures, we would suggest to these who have the opportunity that pedestrian excursions in winter are nearly as enjoyable as in summer, and much more invigorating. The weather favours vigorous exercise, and cold is far more bracing than heat. Company is of course essential in winter excursions; and as the evenings are long, a book or two, a Bezique pack, and a pocket chessboard may not be amiss. The days, though short, are long enough if fairly used, and a comfortable country inn is not the worst place to enjoy a long evening. Winter scenery is often very fine, and those who have seen the sea and the mountains only in summer know only half their attractions. We commend the subject to the attention of all young men engaged through the year in city occupations, and to many of whom a week's winter air in a suitable district would prove most beneficial.

WINTER EXCURSIONS. — At a time when increased attention to physical health is of such great importance to so many, we (*British Medical Journal*) cannot but regret that winter excursions are not more in vogue. It is only a small section of the community who

THE manufacture of alcohol from reindeer moss, which was set on foot in 1867 by M. Sternberg, Professor of Chemistry at Stockholm has been carried on to some extent in Sweden and is about to be introduced into Norway. At present, large quantities of grain and potatoes are consumed in the manufacture of spirits. It is to be hoped that the production of alcohol from less valuable material, will tend to ameliorate the condition of Scandinavia, by setting at liberty the large amount of food-stuffs at present destroyed by distillation.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE "FREEDMEN'S BUREAU" IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE annual report of the United States Secretary at War, dated Nov. 20, 1869, contains, among other valuable papers, a report made to his department by Major-General Howard, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, which is of peculiar interest to those desirous of ascertaining, through impartial evidence, the progress and prospects of the great experiment of slave emancipation. The Bureau is now winding up its work. It was closed for general purposes early last year. It is only continued for certain "educational" purposes, for the settlement of negro soldiers' claims to bounty, and for the maintenance of a small number of hospitals which still contain inmates. The time has, therefore, arrived for taking, as General Howard does in this paper, a general review of its operations.

Great efforts had been made by charitable associations during the last years of the war to relieve the misery which prevailed among the many thousand coloured refugees from the Southern States, and outcasts who remained on properties abandoned by their owners under the pressure of hostilities. But it was felt that more was needed than charity could furnish, and that not only casual support was required, but organization and drill. With these views the "Act to establish a Bureau for the Relief of Freedmen and Refugees" was passed in March, 1865, and committed to the new department the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen from rebel States, under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the head of the Bureau and approved by the President.

This almost unlimited authority (says General Howard, with pardonable pride) gave me great scope and liberty of action, but at the same time it imposed upon me very perplexing and responsible duties. Legislative, judicial, and executive powers were combined in my commission, reaching all the interests of four millions of people, scattered over a vast territory, living in the midst of another people claiming to be superior, and known not to be altogether friendly.

It was, indeed, a desperate "cauldron," to all appearance, into which the General and his assistants were plunged.

In every State many thousands were found without employment, without homes, crowding into towns and about military posts, where they hoped to find protection and supplies. The sudden collapse of the rebellion, making emancipation an actual universal fact, was like an earthquake. It shattered and shook the whole social

system. It broke up the old industries, and threatened a reign of anarchy. Even the well-disposed and humane landowners were at a loss what to do, or how to begin the work of reorganizing society and of rebuilding their ruined fortunes. Very few had any knowledge of free labour, or any hope that their former slaves would serve them faithfully for wages. On the other hand, the freed people were in a state of great excitement and uncertainty. . . . Many were afraid to remain on the same soil that they had tilled as slaves, lest by any trick they might find themselves again in bondage. Others supposed that the Government would either take the entire supervision of their labour and support, or divide among them the lands of conquered rebels, and furnish them with all that might be necessary to begin life as independent farmers.

Under the pressure of the enormous mass of business thus thrown upon him, General Howard had the good sense to perceive that this was not a case for fixed uniformity of system.

No one minute system of rules could have been rigidly adhered to and applied in every part of the Southern country. I therefore set forth clearly the objects to be attained and the powers which the Bureau could legally exercise, and left it to my subordinates to devise suitable measures for effecting these objects.

The first object to be effected was the relief of actual misery: housing, clothing, food, hospitals, dispensaries. Thanks, however, to good management — for which we give the Bureau all credit — but more, we suspect, to the rapidly recuperative powers of American society, this part of the operations to be performed was, after all, comparatively easy.

The exhibit of rations and clothing furnished (says the General) shows that the Bureau has not been a pauperizing agency. It has not encouraged idleness and vagrancy. It has not existed for the benefit of able-bodied beggars. The wonder is not that so many, but that so few have needed help; that of the four million people thrown suddenly upon their own resources, only one in about two hundred has been an object of public charity, and nearly all who have received aid have been persons who, by reason of age, infirmity, or disease, would be objects of charity in any State and at any time.

To re-establish the labour-market was a more perplexing task.

The majority of planters were anxious to cultivate their land, and their former slaves were equally anxious to earn an honest living; but each class naturally distrusted the other. I was appealed to for a settlement of this great labour question. Letters from all parts of the country besought me and my assistant commissioners to enforce a specific rate of wages, and to exercise

power in one way or another over the labourer to compel him to work. All such appeals were resisted. Officers and agents of the Bureau were instructed to do all in their power to remove prejudice, to restore mutual confidence, and to quicken and direct the industry of the people. At the same time they were cautioned against giving countenance to any substitute for slavery. Negroes must be free to choose their employers. No fixed rate of wages will be prescribed, but the law of supply and demand must govern.

A system of written contracts was introduced wherever this could be done.

No compulsion was used, but all were advised to enter into written agreements and submit them to an officer of the Bureau for approval. The nature and obligation of these contracts were carefully explained to the freedman, and a copy filed in the office of the agent approving it for their use in case any difficulty should arise between them and their employers. In a single State not less than 50,000 such contracts were drawn in duplicate, and filled up with the names of all the parties.

A body of evidence is adduced from the reports of assistant commissioners to show the working of this simple arrangement in different localities :—

It is confirmed by the fact that the great mass of freedmen are now self-supporting, and that many have commenced planting and other business on their own account. In spite of all disorders that have prevailed, and the misfortunes that have fallen upon many parts of the South, a good degree of prosperity and success has already been attained. To the oft-repeated slander that the negroes will not work and are incapable of taking care of themselves, it is a sufficient answer that their voluntary labour has produced nearly all the food that has supported the whole people, besides a large amount of rice, sugar, and tobacco for export, and two millions of bales of cotton each year. . . . It is not claimed that this result is wholly due to the care and oversight of this Bureau, but it is safe to say, as it has been said repeatedly by intelligent Southern men, that without the Bureau, or some similar agency, the material interests of the country would have greatly suffered, and the Government would have lost a far greater amount than has been expended in its maintenance.

A large scheme had been entertained of making over to the Bureau all "abandoned" lands: "solely for the purpose of assigning, leasing, or selling them to refugees and freedmen," but before this could be carried into effect an order of President Johnson stopped the proceeding, and directed the restoration of "abandoned" property to its former owners, on their exhibiting pardons or taking certain oaths.

Something has been done in this direction, however, by the bold measure of opening for entry, by coloured and white men, without distinction, all the public lands in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida. Next to a proper religious and intellectual training (says the General) the one thing needful to the freedmen is land and a home. Without that a high degree of civilization and moral culture is scarcely possible.

This is a thoroughly American opinion. It is by no means that which prevails in the governing class of West Indian society.

The subject of the progress of education among the coloured people is but slightly touched on, having been treated at length in former reports. As to keeping order among them and affording them protection against injustice, "the methods pursued have differed according to circumstances."

. . . . In all important cases, where civil courts existed, they were first resorted to; but when such courts would not admit the testimony of negroes, nor treat them as equals before the law with whites, appeal was made to military tribunals, or under the Civil Rights Bill of 1866 to the United States courts.

It is estimated that more than 100,000 complaints were heard and acted upon by Bureau officers in a single year. The reports of murders, assaults, and outrages of every description were so numerous, and so full of horrible details that at times one was inclined to believe the whole white population engaged in a war of extermination against the blacks. But careful investigation has proved that the worst outrages were generally committed by small bands of lawless men, organized under various names, whose principal objects were robbery and plunder. . . . No one can tell what scenes of violence and strife and insurrection the whole South might have presented without the presence of this agency of the Government to preserve order and to enforce justice. Several officers and agents have been severely wounded, and some have lost their lives in this service.

Such, and so successful, has been the institution which has done its best to keep the peace and to establish free industry in the South during the last few years. It is impossible not to feel regret and misgiving at the prospect of its dissolution. Such an intermediate authority between ex-masters and ex-slaves seems to have been the very thing demanded by the crisis. And we wish we could be satisfied that the crisis was sufficiently at an end to allow the seeds of good order which it has left behind to germinate in safety.

HENRY GRATTAN.—Perhaps of all the men who swayed the hearts of his countrymen by his eloquence, and by the warm glow of his patriotism kindled in Ireland a sense of national independence, there is not one who can dispute the palm with Henry Grattan. Grattan was small and slightly built, but although to appearance of weakly frame, was wiry and muscular, and so redolent of power was his temperament, that many who heard him speak came away with the impression that he was a man of bold and commanding presence—a strange error, but one which many have owned they have fallen into with regard to Lord Palmerston, whom really it is not always easy to remember as a man of low stature. Grattan's features—with an intensely melancholy cast of expression—were finely and delicately cut: the eyes beaming with a look of gentleness peculiarly engaging, and the mouth strongly marked with those traits of humour which, in him, however, were always subordinated to deep purposes and serious effort. It was said he took Chatham for his model, and there were certainly many points of resemblance between them. Still Grattan's manner was distinctive enough to reject all idea of imitation, and there were traces of that Celtic nature so evident about him, it would have been impossible for him to have conformed to any discipline that should have curbed the imaginative discursiveness of his mind, and the play of a fancy that soared to the highest flights of poetry. His own adoration of Chatham—of whom he said, "Modern degeneracy had not reached him, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity; his august mind overawed majesty itself;"—may have contributed to the impression that he had taken him for his model. There was, however, in Grattan one characteristic eminently individual, and, in a great degree, Celtic. He was extremely antithetical, not so much from any deficiency in the power of graduated reasoning and close logical ability, as from his instinctive quickness of perception, amounting to positive impatience, which rejected the slow march of a demonstration, when by a bound he could grasp the proof that lay under his hand. Wide and great as were his intellectual powers, there was that in his temperament aerial and lofty that soared high above them. Engaged with a great subject, or with one to which his genius had lent greatness, his enthusiasm knew no bounds. All the resources of that splendid intellect came forth in glittering array, and no man could marshal them with such terrible effect: lofty and impassioned appeal, noble sentiment, classic allusion, brilliant imagery, the most polished wit, sarcasm the most withering, and, not least of all, a tone of tenderness that vibrated in every heart that heard him. All were his, and none could vary, combine, or alternate them with more consummate art. Above all his intellect rose his personal nature. There never lived a more generous, more forgiving, more kindly man—none

who could dwell with more heartfelt pathos on the ties of friendship, nor one who could depict an adversary with more generous justice. The charm that surrounded him in private life, they who knew him in his intimacy speak of as something of actual fascination. There was not one of his great powers that he could not bring, reduced to the meridian of daily life, to the intercourse of society. Without a touch of pedantry, he gave to common conversation the elegance of literary culture, and this without a vestige of the great political leader, or even overbearing by his superiority the least venturesome or ambitious about him.

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MESSRS. BELL & DALDY will shortly publish a complete catalogue of the works of Mr. George Cruikshank. Mr. G. W. Reid, the compiler, has included in its descriptions of 4,618 works, comprising 2,657 etchings, 1,693 woodcuts, 72 glyptographs, 60 lithographs, and lists of nearly 400 books, tracts, chap-books, &c.

It is remarked as a singular circumstance in the South African diamond-diggings that all the diamonds have been found by natives, and not by Europeans. The natives go on all-fours, scanning the surface and scraping with their nails: while the European tries to maintain the dignity of an erect attitude.

A PARTY of Englishmen, anxious to find a haunted house, have inserted the following advertisement in the London *Times*: "To Proprietors of Haunted Houses.—A few gentlemen wish to have the opportunity of visiting a house said to be haunted, situate in or near London, for the purpose of scientific observation."

THE elephants of Ceylon, which, from the beginning of history have supplied India, are about to be preserved. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on his visit will be provided with a special licence for elephant-hunting.

THE minor poems of William Lauder, Playwright, Poet, and Minister of the Gospel, referring mainly to that year of famine and plague in Scotland, 1568, are to be edited for the Early English Text Society by Mr. Farnival, from Mr. S. Christie-Millar's unique original.